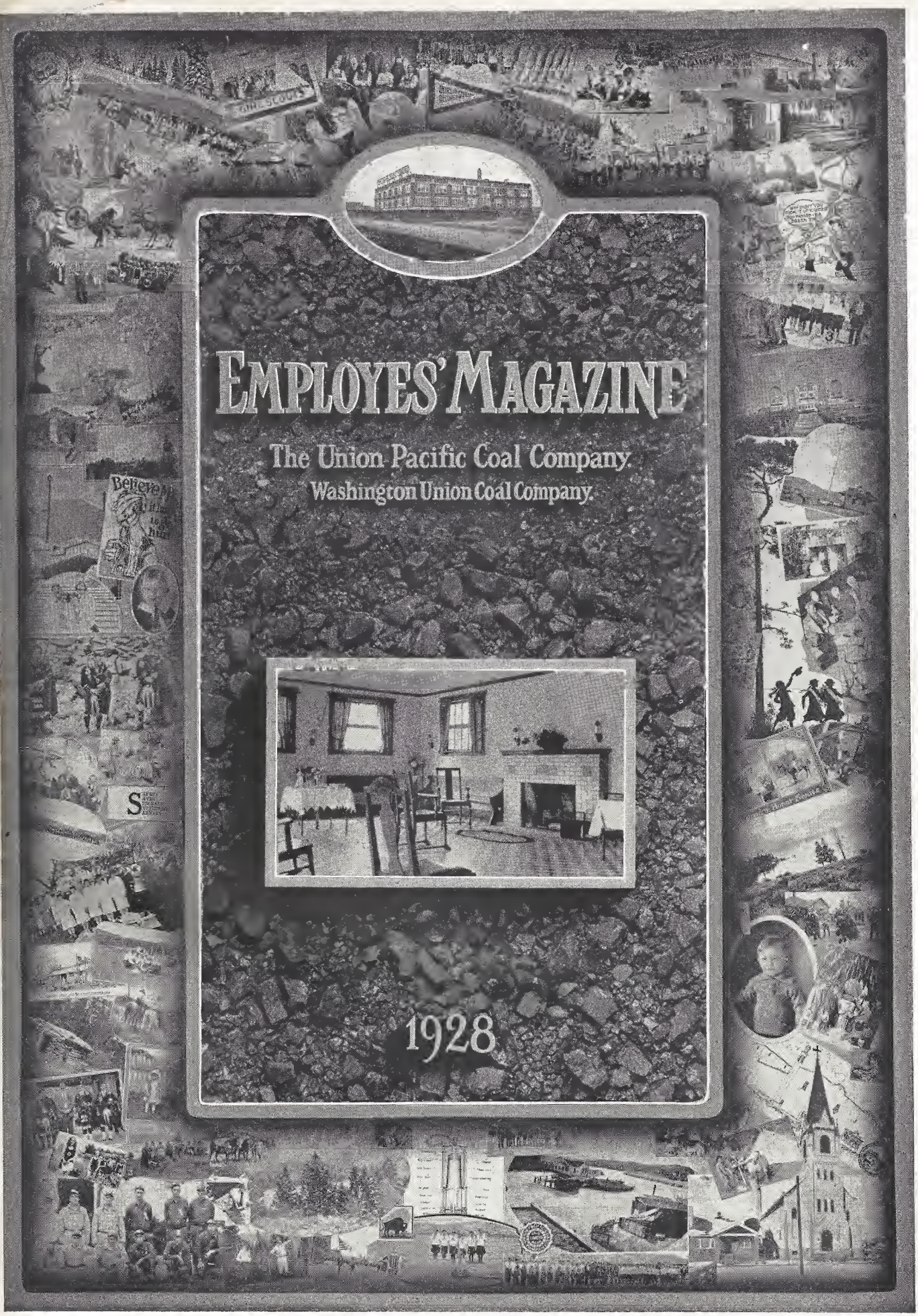
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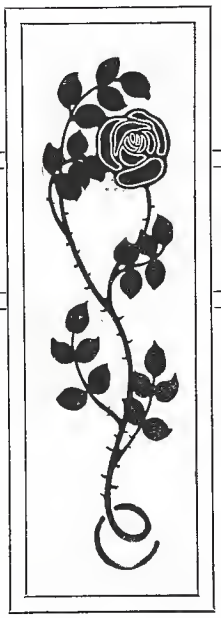

The Last Rose of Summer

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone,
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,—
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed—
Where thy mates of the garden,
Lie scentless and dead.

EMPLOYES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 5 — SEPTEMBER, 1928 — NUMBER 9

Martha

Music by Flotow — Words by Vernoy

"Sighs for a park, but, when a park she sees,
At once she cries: Oh, odious, odious trees!"

IN THIS opera we introduce ourselves to a new musical composer and to a new story writer, as well as to a lighter tale and a less pretentious musical theme; and we do it purposely, and hope we may enjoy the amusing tale now as we may sometime enjoy the consistently graceful and melodious music. It's summer time and we refuse to be incorrigibly highbrow. The scene of the story is Richmond, near London, in the early part of the eighteenth century.

The Story

LADY HARRIET DURHAM was bored. She was a maid-of-honor to the Queen—Queen Anne—and was young, beautiful, admired—but she was bored. She had everything to make her happy but, in the midst of splendor and admiration she

"Sighs for a park, but, when a park she sees,
At once she cries: 'Oh, odious, odious trees!"

"What's the use of all this?" she asked her maid. "It's breakfast, ask the Queen for orders; luncheon; dress again; a reception, a ball—I'm sick of it all."

"Oh but, My Lady!" cried Nancy, the maid, "you shouldn't say that. The courtiers all admire you. You are beautiful."

"Botheration! Nonsense! I'm tired of them."

"But, My Lady, see these posies Lord Tristan de Mickleford sent." It was part of a maid's duty to keep her mistress in good humor.

"Oh, let him be-deck himself with the flowers. He needs it."

A knock at the door, and Lord Tristan himself was admitted. He was Lady Harriet's most devoted admirer, but he was elderly and made himself a bit ridiculous by trying to hide his years with ultra fashionable clothes and a gay manner.

Lady Harriet's greeting was polite, but not enthusiastic.

"Ah, my beautiful lady, I've called to ask if there is anything you'd like to do to-day. Anything new?"

"Oh, is there anything new under the sun?"

"Why — — I don't know. I — — I — — there's the Fair at Richmond."

"Oh yes," said Nancy, "it's the Mop Fair and it's an annual affair. Country girls and boys, farm hands, hire themselves for the year at the Fair. It's quite a festival, and it's fun to watch because there's a sort of auction."

Lady Harriet could be enthusiastic when it seemed worth her while. "Wonderful; I have an idea," she said, "We'll go to the Fair and auction ourselves like the peasant girls as though we'd work in the fields for a year. Come on."

"Not I," said Lord Tristan in dismay at the idea.

"Indeed and you will. You came in here suggesting yourself as escort for some fun. You'll be a stable boy."

Tristan had to yield and an hour later the trio set out, trudging along the highway to the Fair, the girls dressed as peasants and the foppish Lord Tristan as a stable boy.

The Fair

DANCING on the greensward. Bag pipes and fife and fiddle. Morris dancing and country sports. Bowling on the green, quoit pitching and archery. Racing. Ale and cider to drink. Good things to eat. Fun for everybody. The two girls were soon in the thick of it, in gayest good humor, and dragging their uncomfortable escort along.

Quickly Harriet caught sight of the long row of country girls waiting for an employer. Servants

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Jessie McDiarmid, Editor

were hired for a year and the girls enjoyed the excitement of a possible change of scene. They all looked happy.

"Let's get in line too; here's our chance," said Harriet, and Nancy followed her.

A pompous old sheriff announced the terms of the auction or agency. When once a girl accepted the first installment of her year's wages she was bound to her master or mistress until the year was out. Did everybody understand? The sheriff seemed to know them all and asked,

"Kitty Bell and Liddy Well,
And Nelly Box and Sally Cox"

to state what they each could do. And the demurest of the lot were Lady Harriet and Nancy who were, however, scarcely convincing as farm girls.

And it chanced that two young farmers were standing nearby trying to decide whether or not they could afford two house girls. Their farm needer them, they knew.

"We must," they agreed, " 'twill be money well spent."

So they wandered along the row of servants and at once caught sight of Harriet and Nancy.

"They'll do," they both said at once.

But making a bargain was different. Harriet bubbled over with laughter and Nancy had to promise for her that they could both cook and mend and clean. They agreed to the wage and had accepted the earnest money just as the distressed Tristan came up.

"Oh, here you are," he said.

"But we've just hired these girls," said Lionel and Plunkett, the young farmers. "We paid the first money."

"I'll refund it to you," said Tristan, anxious to be off with Lady Harriet.

The farmers reminded him this would be unlawful.

"Once the coin is in your keeping
You must serve the twelve month out."

And the girls, now almost too dismayed to enjoy the discomfort of their erstwhile escort, were bundled into the farm wagon and driven away by Lionel and Plunkett in triumph.

The Farm

BUT at the farm their triumph turned to dismay; the girls acted like guests, not servants, and when shown to their room said they were tired and would retire. And work waiting to be done! And meals to get!

The next day was no better. "Martha" as Harriet called herself, seemed insulted when asked to help. And "Julia," the Lady's maid, couldn't even wash the dishes without breaking them. The men had to cook in order to have anything to eat.

Plunkett raged, and his rage increased because the girls seemed wholly unaware that there was anything wrong and laughed at all their own ridiculous mistakes. But Lionel, who was more gentle, thought perhaps they could be taught and himself tried to teach "Martha" to spin. She giggled at all her mistakes and presently had him laughing too as he suggested, half sarcastically, that her hands were not made for spinning and that she should play the spinet.

"Martha" took him at his word and sang the ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer." Lionel was enchanted and forgetting everything asked her to marry him.

Harriet was amazed and in her confusion she laughed again as she'd been laughing at all the new experiences and mistakes.

Lionel more astonished than ever, turned just as Plunkett and "Julia" entered the room.

"She is a baggage—utterly useless!" declared Plunkett. "I can't teach her a thing."

"Then why don't you do it yourself?" asked Nancy saucily.

"What did I hire you for?" he sputtered. "I'll, I'll—I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll marry you since you won't make a servant."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Nancy; and as the clock obligingly struck bed-time hour the girls hurried off.

Alone, they stared at each other miserably.

"This must end," said Harriet.

"Yes," said Nancy. "I thought they'd dismiss us if we were no help. I've broken most all the dishes in the kitchen."

"What can we do?"

"How can we get away?"

And as if in answer, they hear a low whistle and looking out, saw Lord Tristan with a carriage.

Their window was near the ground and in a moment they were out, in the carriage and off home.

Afterward

LIONEL was in despair at the loss of his Martha and the irate Plunkett vowed he'd have the law on them. And the days passed. Plunkett said he thought of Julia every time he broke a dish and Lionel couldn't bear to look at the spinning wheel, and was continually hearing again the strains of "The Last Rose of Summer."

The young farmers were in love.

And the days passed.

Meetings

ONE day, Plunkett was walking in the forest on his way to Richmond and met a hunting party of the Queen's Court. As he stood aside to let them pass, his heart almost stood still. Wasn't that beautifully dressed maiden his Julia? Could it be? But wasn't it? He sprang forward and held her bridle.

"Ah, I've found you. Now, you'll come home with me."

"What can this bumpkin want with me?" said Nancy to the other hunters, and immediately they tossed Plunkett aside and were so rough he was glad to slip away.

In another part of the same wood, Lionel was

wandering disconsolately about singing and trying to forget his lost Martha. At least, that's what he told himself he was trying to do.

At a little distance he saw a Court huntress who reminded him of her and as she rode slowly on she hummed a tune. He recognized her voice.

"My Martha!"

And Harriett was amazed to have her heart answer, "My Lionel!"

But a great lady could not love a farmer, or so folk thought in those days, so she flouted him as an insane country boor. Stung and miserable, Lionel attempted to claim her as his servant and was, at Harriet's cry, arrested by Lord Tristan's order. And he too was bustled off. But not before he'd heard the hunting party call her "My Lady" and realized that he'd been tricked and made ridiculous by a Court Lady who perhaps enjoyed telling it all for the amusement of her friends.

Plunkett feared for his friend's reason in the days that followed. He took no interest in anything and Plunkett grew so distressed that he went to a little box in which was a ring which Lionel used to wear around his neck. He recalled that his father had found Lionel when he was a child and that, dying shortly afterward, he'd asked that should Lionel, the lad he'd found, ever be in serious trouble the ring be taken to Queen Anne.

Now was the time, decided Plunket, when Lionel needed help. He went to the Queen, presented the ring and learned that Lionel was the rightful Earl of Derby; his father having been wrongfully accused of treason had had his lands confiscated and had sent his little son to a friendly farmer. He had been cleared after his death, but then the Court hadn't known where his son was.

The Queen entrusted her maid-of-honor, the Lady Harriet, with the pleasant task of bearing the news to Lionel. And she set out happily, because she acknowledged to herself her love for the young farmer who'd been so gentle through all her mischief. But Lionel only greeted her with a vacant stare.

"Lionel!" she called, "Don't you recognize me? I bring you good news from the Queen. You are an Earl."

"Yes—and you a servant. Go away."

And he went away himself. Harriet was in despair. She called Nancy, who'd come with her and who'd had a more fortunate interview with Plunkett. They decided they cared for each other after all, and would be married. But they too were concerned for Lionel who seemed to have quite lost his reason.

"Could we do this?" said Nancy, "could we fake a Fair and take Lionel to it."

"Yes, perhaps," said Plunkett who was ready to try anything.

So in Lady Harriet's private grounds a fair was built. A group of make-believe servants to be hired. Dancing and music. Booths and fun. And make-believe employers.

Plunkett dragged his unwilling, disinterested friend along to the grounds, and once inside Lionel brightened up. The scene recalled old memories. And look! There "Martha" and "Julia" the pretty serving girls.

Plunkett did not have to urge him further. Together they went up to the girls.

"We seek service," they said quickly.

"What can you do?" said Plunkett.

"I can do any thing if you don't mind a few broken dishes," said "Julia."

And Lionel stared at "Martha."

And Harriet handed him a rose and began to sing.

> " 'Tis the last rose of summer
> Left blooming alone."

And the song completed his remembrance. He clasped the singer in his arms.

The Fair kept on. It was more fun than before, now that it was no longer needed.

And so they were married and lived happily ever afterwards. And we all enjoy " 'Tis the last rose of summer."

Run of the Mine

Labor Day Celebration

THE celebration of Labor Day in the United States was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor, who in 1882 held a parade in New York City. The next parade was held in 1884, likewise in New York City, and thereafter workingmen generally began agitation to establish Labor Day as a legal holiday, the first law to this effect being passed by the legislature of Colorado in 1887. Since that time the first Monday in September has been set aside as a legal holiday by all the states, and that is why Rock Springs planned for a two days' celebration on September 2nd and 3rd.

The whistles will blow "no work" for Monday, and following the brief Sunday program the big doings will commence with a grand parade starting from the Labor Temple at 9:00 A. M., Monday, September 3rd. J. B. Smith will head the parade as Grand Marshal, followed by the band; the speaker of the day, Mr. Frank J. Hayes, former President of the U. M. W. of A.; the Mayor and City Council, and everyone "who works and is worth while" in Rock Springs—and all Rock Springs works.

Races, foot, horseback, bucking pony and bucking mule, will follow, with an array of contests exceeding in number and variety the program worked out for the World's Olympian games which have just closed in Amsterdam across the seas. Judging from the number and amount of the cash prizes listed, there will be some "big spending" in

Rock Springs stores for a few days following the event.

Supplementing Mr. J. B. Smith, Chairman, the committee in charge consists of that thoughtful leader, Mr. John M. Freeman; Mr. W. J. (Bill) Rodda, he of the big voice; Mr. John L. Dykes, a lifelong Union man and foremost citizen, and "Jack" Armstrong, who, as official announcer, will try to overwhelm the long-range, pealing voice of Bill Rodda.

When the stars come out and the athletic contestants are nursing their bruises, three dances will call to the light-footed boys and girls between 16 and 70. If the keeper of the winds will hold his breezes back of the Wind River Range, Monday will be a big day in Rock Springs.

Rock Springs Beautiful

TO INTIMATE that a treeless and well-nigh grassless city can be made beautiful would ordinarily invite a smile, but beauty is, after all, a relative quantity, and when compared with the conditions that governed in this thrifty little city but five years ago, it is proper to say that Rock Springs, under the guiding hand of Mayor P. C. Bunning, is, in a relative sense at least, becoming quite beautiful.

A few days ago the Mayor invited us to inspect the new City Park, created a year ago, and we were thrilled to find therein eighteen varieties of trees and some fifty species of the flowery kingdom, all thriving, the flowers, with their velvety background of grassy lawn, presenting a gorgeous spectacle.

The members of the American Legion paid a fine tribute to the successful creation of the new park by moving their splendid war monument to a central location therein, and those who pause to admire the grass, the trees and the flowers will not, as their eyes rest on the image of the youthful soldier, fail to give recurring thought to the patriotism which inspired the tremendous sacrifice leading to the raising of the City's war monument.

Mayor Bunning, modest and unassuming, always is creating for the citizens of Rock Springs a city worth while to live in. A city made livable by the construction of miles of sanitary sewers, miles of paving, with a new and modern street lighting system, and in no sense least in importance, a city park, where green trees, green grass and smiling flowers serve to break the desert sameness we are so familiar with.

For the park, with its emerald green sward, its flowers, trees and restful seats, the people of Rock Springs acknowledge, freely and cheerfully, the debt of gratitude they owe to their patient, hard working Mayor, whose vision and planning has produced such splendid results. We have no hesitancy in predicting that if Mayor Bunning ever takes the notion to refuse re-election, the citizens of Rock Springs will rise up enmasse and acclaim him Mayor Emeritus, then and forever.

The Passing of a Great Actress

IN THE closing days of July there died in a little timbered cottage in the quaint old town of Small Hythe, Kent, England, one of the greatest actresses who occupied the English speaking stage for two generations, Dame Ellen Terry, in her eighty-first year.

In 1471 there died a German Monk, Thomas a Kempis, who wrote much in his ninety-one years. His little book, "De Imitatione Christi" with its message of humility, won immortality for its writer. This book, translated into every language in Christendom, known to English readers as "Imitation of Christ," was much read by Miss Terry in the closing weeks of her life and after her death there was found written on the fly leaf of her copy and by her, this message:

"No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone,
Corpse-gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness.
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still, you mine.
Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest,
And so to where I wait come gently on."

Beneath the six lines Dame Terry wrote further:

"I should wish my children, relatives and friends to observe this when I die. E. T."

The family posted Ellen Terry's last lines, written just before her last curtain, on the cottage gate, and the rector of the little sixteenth century church, a few yards away, posted them also on its oaken door. And carrying out this last request the family and friends wore on the day of the funeral, their usual gay summer clothes, the little cottage flooded with sunshine and brilliant flowers.

Like so many who achieve greatness by virtue of an innate genius and stupendous effort, Ellen Terry came from a lowly source. Her father was Benjamin Terry, an Irishman and an actor, her mother of less conspicuous ability, likewise following the husband's profession. A very large family made up the only wealth the Terrys ever possessed and of the several children born to them, four daughters and one son took up acting as a profession.

Ellen Terry was born in Coventry, (Shakespear's own county of Warwickshire) on February 27th, 1848, and it is said that her first childhood recollection was that of being locked in a whitewashed attic in Glasgow while her parents and her elder sister Kate were performing in a local play house. The child who later lived to win the homage and love of the theatre goers of England and America, began her stage career in juvenile parts at a very early age, to fail at first and later, to win such renown as to lead Sarah Bernhardt to call her "the greatest actress in the world."

Ellen Terry made the heroines of Shakespeare

live as they never lived before on the English stage. Katherine, Juliet, Ophelia, Portia, Imogen, Rosalind, Beatrice, and all that great galaxy of women that sprang from the brain of that great master of imagery, lived, breathed and went their several ways again in Sir Henry Irving's leading woman. Miss Terry's association with England's great male actor began in the Lyceum, London, on December 30th, 1878, when she played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Irving. This partnership ran for twenty-four years, covering all the English speaking cities of the world, constituting the most brilliant period of the history of the English stage.

On June 12th, 1906, the dramatic profession celebrated Miss Terry's golden jubilee with a remarkable and memorable performance given at Drury Lane Theatre, London. On a golden throne, covered with palms, sat Ellen Terry, with not only her family but every surviving member of the profession who had played in the great days around her. Lady Bancroft in a little speech addressed Miss Terry as "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," whom she was glad to see looking so bonny. When Ellen Terry began to speak in reply to all the kindness which had been lavished upon her she nearly broke down. Only once, however, did her mingled emotions completely overcome her; that was when she thanked Eleonora Duse, the great Italian actress, for her presence. She had begun a more or less formal compliment, but instead of finishing it she bent down and in her own impulsive way kissed the actress's hand. Eleonora Duse, leaning forward, lifted Ellen Terry up and kissed her on both cheeks. It was a simple but touching little incident. Caruso sang and Sarah Bernhardt sent a charming message. It was the crowning point in a brilliant career.

When the news of Ellen Terry's death reached America, David Belasco paid tender tribute "to a great actress and a great soul." Haidee Wright, an English actress, now playing in New York, said of her: "Like all great artists she had the extreme simplicity that is part of greatness. Ill and ailing as she was when I saw her last, she seemed like a great eagle with clipped wings."

When we think of Shakespeare, who held gentlemen's horses for a few pennies through long English winter evenings; of Lincoln, who chopped trees and poled a raft down the shallow Sangamon; of Grant, who cut and hauled cordwood into St. Louis, and of Ellen Terry the child, who spent lonely hours locked up in a garret room, we wonder if after all poverty is not the crucible out of which pure gold must come.

Tono's New Band

The last remaining outpost of The Union Pacific —Washington Union Coal Company family which has tried to get along without a band, Tono, has fallen into line as a result of the enthusiastic reports brought back by the Tono First Aid and Mine Rescue team, which for two years has listened to and admired our Wyoming bands. The Tono Band is well under way with twenty-one participants, and starting from zero they now toot a substantial number of tunes and are making definite preparations to lead their incomparable First Aid and Mine Rescue team in the 1929 Inter-Company Parade to be held at Rock Springs.

A band is the one thing that Tono needed, not only to inspire and entertain the community, but to accompany their various organizations when invited to show their prowess in the numerous cities that surround their own village. Our Wyoming band leaders better have a care, not leaning too much on past records, for the fellows from the west of the Cascades are out to take another cup back with them in 1929.

Britain Plans to Send Miners to Canada

THE British Government is perfecting plans to send 17,000 unemployed miners to Canada in order to relieve the situation in the home country. The cost of the mass movement is estimated at $3,000,000, or $176.50 for each man moved, which will include the necessary outfitting required for the new country. Great Britain has, it is said, 1,250,000 unemployed, of which not less than 200,000 are coal miners. Membership in the British National Mine Workers Union has fallen off 34 per cent since 1921.

The average British mine worker hesitates to move out of the house and the village he lives in. There are many workers in the British mines who, with their forefathers, have occupied certain cottages for five or more generations, and the sentiment against change runs strong. In past years many of Britain's sons have sought opportunity in the Colonies, but of late immigration laws such as those of our own have been adopted by the Colonies and neither Canada, Australia nor New Zealand are receptive to mass immigration. The solution of the British mining labor problem is unfortunately yet far off.

Wheat and Individualism

MID-AUGUST in Minnesota and North Dakota presents a scene unlike that found in any other section of this great country. Leaving St. Paul with the sun shining bright, the air fresh and crisp, the mercury at 75° F., "Yim" Hill's train deluxe recently took us over the long curve and the heavy grade we learned to know many years ago; up past the old shop buildings, the State Fair grounds, Hamline University, and St. Anthony Falls; the location of the first of the great Pillsbury Mills, water driven, and which have ground in their time millions of bushels of Minnesota and Dakota No. One Hard Wheat; the Old Scotch Fife, premier wheat, premier flour of the world.

A brief pause at Minneapolis, St. Paul's sister city, between which rivalry runs strong, so strong

that one story expressive of the fight for leadership has stood the test of constant retelling for more than a quarter of a century. This story is so short that we will again chance its repetition. A Minneapolis clergyman suddenly called out of the city, arranged with a neighboring divine to preach his Sunday sermon. The day was not so good for golf —just right for church—and so the attendance was large. The processional hymn was inspiring, the invocation fervid, but not too long—in substance, the prospects for an interesting and illuminating sermon were excellent, but alas, when the minister announced that his text was taken from St. Paul, half the congregation walked out. And so the day was spoiled for a lot of good Minneapolis people.

Under way and out of Minneapolis, we soon swung into a land of beautiful farms. Fields of wheat and clover, fine looking barns, large, well appointed farm houses. Some of the barns were painted red, many of lighter color, but the houses were of but one color, purest white. No weather beaten paint or disorderly fences were in evidence. Trees, many of the evergreen species, flanked the home sites, the windmill for pumping water, the silo and other evidences of thrift and prosperity were the rule.

Minnesota farmers prosper now that they have grown beyond the one-crop idea of farming. We spent a day in a typical Minnesota town, population 8,500, with fourteen churches, a public library; no bootleggers, only one day and one night policeman on duty, wide, well paved and well lit streets, and a demand for automobiles that the manufacturers have not been able to meet, likewise breathed prosperity. The demand for autos is so keen that dealers go to the factories for them, driving them back in fleets. In this town a creamery pours into the laps of the farmers $750,000 annually, a certain and continuous source of revenue.

Came Sunday and we entered the land of wheat, North Dakota. Crossing the Red River of the North brought back many youthful memories. The river that once carried a fleet of stern and side-wheel steamers on its turgid bosom is now little more than a drainage ditch. The lady that swam the English Channel was perhaps more exhausted, but certainly no more happy then we were when we swam the Red for the first time. Happiness will ever be a relative thing. The man who said it was a mistake to ever go back to the place of your boyhood was not far wrong. Perhaps we make our first mistake by leaving.

Wheat! Wheat! Wheat! A mile from the city limits the sea of wheat shocks began, extending limitless, as far as the eye could carry across a flat plain, broken only by prosperous farm buildings and their surrounding wind-breaks of lividly green cottonwood, box elder and elm trees. Our train left Fargo on the eastern North Dakota line at 7:05 a. m., its course about 20 degrees north of due west and for 250 miles we were never out of a golden sea of wheat. Not petty irregular shaped fields of ten or twelve acres, but great rectangular blocks, a mile square, broken only by the dirt roads that follow the section lines; east and west, north and south. The splendid system of highways, state and federal, that cut Minnesota in every direction extend on through North Dakota, and as a result of some failure of the states licensing machinery we were told that fifteen thousand cars were running on North Dakota roads on June first, without license tags. What private business could stand such management? Beyond the 250 mile line there was yet much wheat, but grazing lands broke up the sea of wheat we passed earlier in the day.

The North Dakota farmer has his bad years; shortage of moisture, or too much at the wrong time, with rust or other grain-destroying evils, have made for lean years. The Dakota farmer is, however, just beginning to take up diversified farming as a requisite of continuous success. Corn that matures in 120 days, potatoes, flax, buckwheat, the great cleanser of dirty fields, are gradually taking the place of one-crop farming and the growing number of great stock barns that dot the prairies suggest that dairying is rapidly finding its place in a region that a few years ago was the greatest wheat factory in the world. It was out of the one-crop situation that enmeshed North Dakota for so many years that the so-called Progressive Party came into existence, with its theory of state ownership of banks, wheat elevators and flour mills, all of which failed, as they have failed elsewhere, for want of the management that is a direct product of the old principle, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

There are many theories of government more or less alive in the world. Such include Communism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Capitalism, even Autocracy. Some of these are kept alive by the constant use of the pulmotor; they breathe spasmodically only. At Fargo we bought the Sunday paper, a bigger and better sheet than was the Fargo Express of more than a half century before, which Gorden J. Keeney and N. B. Harwood got out nearly every week, with our help. We mention this Sunday paper for the reason that it contained the story of a woman who had done welfare work for the "down and out" class for thirty years. This woman, rich in human experience, was quoted as saying, as she pointed to the county jail just across the street from the office window where she had spent half of her lifetime: "The persons inside those four walls know better than any one else how this government of ours should be run—to judge from their talk at least. The man who can't buy his own bread, or sugar for his own coffee, who has never been able to entirely take care of himself, has the only true theory of government, if you take his word for it."

And so a few years ago there came a man to North Dakota, and out of drouths that bred discouragement, the one-crop farmer followed his leadership, even up to the jail door where he at last arrived, leaving a train of "busted" state controlled activi-

ties in his wake. Having tried state ownership the Dakota farmer is now moving to better business methods, expressed through diversified farming. America is a government of Individualism, based on equality of opportunity, with the definite obligation to make use of this inheritance of opportunity in such way that betterment will come to all. The Dakota farmer has given up Socialism for Individualism.

When we think back over a period of fifty years, in which time this great inland empire has been created out of a vast treeless plain, traversed only by the buffalo, the Indian and the trapper, and we reflect that man in the individualistic sense created the thousands of magnificent farms with beautiful homes and comfortable barns, housing herds of domestic animals, together with miles of railway serving hundreds of cities and towns, many with well paved and lighted streets, with, not little red school houses, but commodious white frame and brick ones instead, together with a great university, the whole linked by endless miles of highway, across which thousands of automobiles flit to and fro, we are inclined to agree with the statement that "man can do anything that he dares."

With this mid-August Sunday drawing to a close, and after witnessing what fifty years has done for this portion of America, we feel like the centenarian who said he would give his past life period cheerfully for an extension of fifty years, "just to see what will next happen." While we have so far today thought in terms of wheat rather than of coal, it is safe to say that the same principles that make for betterment in the one apply equally to the other. A great American said but a few years ago: "Humanity has a long road to perfection, but we of America can make sure progress if we will preserve our individualism, if we will preserve and stimulate the initiative of our people, if we will build up our insistence and safeguards to equality of opportunity, if we will glorify service as part of our national character."

To Young Americans of Syrian Blood

The appeal herein made by a Syrian to his fellow countrymen who have removed to America, applies equally well to men of other nations. The people of Great Britain, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, Spain—those of the Slavonic and Oriental races, all have splendid traditions behind them. Their task here is to strive unitedly for a greater and a more righteous America.

I believe in you, and I believe in your destiny.

I believe that you are contributors to this new civilization.

I believe that you have inherited from your forefathers an ancient dream, a song, a prophecy, which you can proudly lay as a gift of gratitude upon the lap of America.

I believe you can say to the founders of this great nation, "Here I am, a youth, a young tree whose roots were plucked from the hills of Lebanon, yet I am deeply rooted here and I would be fruitful."

And I believe you can say to Abraham Lincoln, the blessed Jesus of Nazareth touched your lips when you spoke and guided your hand when you wrote; and I shall uphold all that you have said and all that you have written.

I believe you can say to Emerson and to Whitman and James, "In my veins runs the blood of poets and wise men of old, and it is my desire to come to you and receive but I shall not come with empty hands."

I believe that even as your fathers came here to produce riches, you were born here to produce riches by intelligence, by labor.

And I believe it is within you to become good citizens.

And what is it to be a good citizen?

It is to acknowledge other persons' rights before asserting your own, but always to be conscious of your own.

It is to be free in thought and deed, but it is also to know that your freedom is subject to the other person's freedom.

It is to create the useful and the beautiful with your own hands, and to admire what others have created in love and with faith.

It is to produce wealth by labor and only by labor, and to spend less than you have produced that your children may not be dependent upon the state for support when you are no more.

It is to stand before the towers of New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, saying in your heart: "I am the descendant of a people that builded Damascus, and Biblus, and Tyre and Sidon, and Antioch, and now I am here to build with you, and with a will."

It is to be proud of being an American, but it is also to be proud that your fathers and your mothers came from a land upon which God laid His gracious hand and raised his messengers.

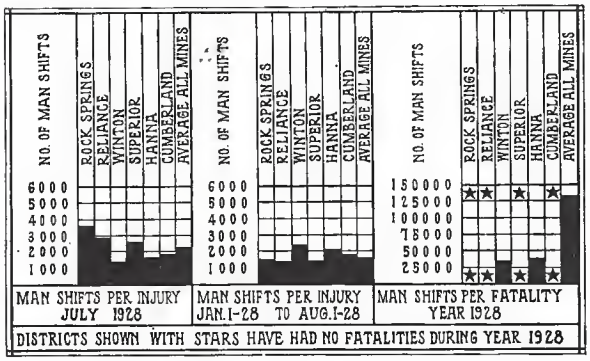
Young Americans of Syrian origin, I believe in you.

—(C. K. Gibran, in the Syrian World.)

CONTENTS

	Page
Martha	339
Run of the Mine	341
Make It Safe	346
Engineering Department	349
Mechanical Engineering in Coal Mines	351
Our Little Girls	354
Whispering Pines Camp	360
Boy Scouts at New Fork Lake Camp	361
Ye Old Timers	362
Of Interest to Women	364
Our Little Folks	365
News About All of Us	367
The Office Duster	373

Make It Safe



July Accident Graph

In compiling accident statistics, an unexplainable feature is the fluctuations from month to month. The above graph for July furnishes a very good example of this.

During July 35,754 man-shifts of labor were worked with 16 non-fatal accidents reported from the six districts. The average for all districts was one injury for each 2,234 man-shifts performed.

For the month of March, 1928, with the working time practically the same, 35 accidents were reported and the average was 1,118 man-shifts per injury or just one-half that of the present month. Yet there is no plausible explanation and no reason why there should be less injuries in July or more in March.

Apparently the only answer is the human equation. To reduce accidents to a minimum, the only means is by the education of the individual to the hazards and the means of avoiding them. But as this minimum can never be zero, we can reduce only in direct proportion to the amount of time and thought that each individual may wish to put into his daily work.

With the pennant won for the first six months of 1928, the current month witnesses the beginning of the second half, and each district starting with a clean slate.

Every district has now won the pennant at least once, excepting Rock Springs, and from the way they are starting it appears at though they might be intending to win one themselves this year. Rock Springs with three accidents leads the field this month, with Reliance and Superior not far behind.

July Accidents

Laborer—Was driving team of horses. Horses became frightened at some object and jumped, throwing him from buggy and causing him to receive a fractured collar bone.

Car Repairer—While repairing car door, door slipped catching hand between car irons and door and causing lacerations of palm of right hand.

Inside Laborer—While moving cars from Joy loader, he was struck on leg by horse, bruising leg slightly.

Inside Laborer—Received laceration of leg when he struck self with shovel while loading coal on conveyor.

Inside Laborer—Was loading cars at discharge end of conveyor. While trying to dislodge a large piece of coal that was held between conveyor pan and roof his hand was caught between coal and roof and fingers lacerated.

Driller—Was drilling hole with drilling machine when cable burned in two, receiving burns on neck and chest.

Miner—While dropping a loaded car from working face to entry he stepped upon a rail, receiving a puncture wound in left foot.

Timberman—While trimming a cap piece, ax struck coal rib, causing it to deflect and he struck left hand, causing severe lacerations of index finger.

Miner—Was tamping shot hole at face. "Bump" caused top coal to fall, bruising his thigh.

Miner—Face of working face "bumped" causing cap rock to fall upon him bruising back and shoulder.

Machine Man—Was cleaning rock that had fallen previviously. While working under roof, which he considered safe was caught by large fall of rock and received scalp wounds and body lacerations. This was a near fatality.

Machine Man—Was operating machine when he was struck on back and leg by a falling jack-pipe.

Inside Laborer—Was running on entry and fell, striking face against conveyor pan.

Loader—While loading car at working face, piece of coal fell from roof, bruising shoulder and hand.

Miner—Small abrasion on hand which was permitted to go for a week without attention, developed infection.

Miner—In attempting to re-rail car, using bar for a lever, car slipped back and he received lacerations of hand.

What We Try to Teach In First Aid

THE importance of first aid methods is daily becoming more stressed by all industrial and commercial agencies, also by the Bureau of Mines and the Public Health service.

When it is remembered that over 28,000 persons are annually killed by traffic accidents in the United States, including automobiles, railroads, street cars, etc.; over 13,000 by falls; 6,000 by burns and drowning and more than 27,000 by other accidental means, the importance of first aid care is at once obvious.

Much time and money has been expended recently by this Company in first aid work and a large percentage of the employees have voluntarily taken the training. The training has always been with a view, not so much to create a few experts, as to give every one a working knowledge of the fundamentals of first aid work.

The common injuries include wounds with bleeding and possible infections, dislocations and fractures of bones, including those caused by chemicals and asphyxia or cessation of respiration.

In summarizing, the most important thing in the care of the injured person is prevention—the reduction of accidents to a minimum by education and legislation. But as this minimum can never be zero, it is well to bear in mind the fundamental principles in first aid care. Briefly there are seven fundamental principles of first aid as follows:

First, cleanliness in caring for all open wounds. Persons administering first aid should be instructed not to touch or put anything on open wounds except a dry sterile compress or bandage compress. A bandage compress, which consists of several thicknesses of sterile gauze sewed to the middle of a strip of muslin, is used to cover all open wounds. Three sizes of compresses are used—large, medium, and small. The compress should usually be covered by a protective dressing.

A triangular bandage has been found very suitable for this purpose, as it can be adapted to cover any part of the body. The triangular bandage is used in the open form or folded cravat. In addition to being used to protect the

other dressings, it may be used as an improvised tourniquet and to hold splints in place. A triangular bandage may be made from any kind of cloth such as a handkerchief, piece of shirt, or napkin. It has been found, however, that a piece of muslin 40 inches square, folded diagonally and cut across the long side, making two triangular bandages, is most satisfactory.

The second principle in first aid is the control of hemorrhage, or bleeding. Hemorrhage from a cut artery flows rapidly in spurts or fine jets, giving little time for the blood to coagulate or clot. The blood is bright red. Blood from a vein, being under less pressure, flows steadily, but it may be rapid if from a large vein. It is dark in color. Bleeding from small arteries can often be controlled by direct pressure, but it is generally best to apply a tourniquet immediately, between the wound and the heart. Bleeding from a vein can usually be stopped by simply pressing a pad of sterile gauze over the wound and then elevating the part, having the patient lie down. Anything that makes the heart beat faster increases hemorrhage; hence in all cases of severe bleeding the patient should be kept in a recumbent or semirecumbent position and as quiet as possible.

The third principle is the restoration of breathing after electric shock, apparent drowning, and poisoning by gases, as by carbon monoxide gas or illuminating gas. This treatment is by artificial respiration. Any method of artificial respiration may be used. For the ordinary person rendering first aid, the Schaefer, or prone pressure method is the simplest and is not as tiresome as some of the other methods. Recently a conference was held at which representatives of the United States Public Health Service, the United States Bureau of Mines, the American Red Cross, and other national organizations were present, for the purpose of deciding upon a uniform technique. This technique is very simple and anyone can learn it in a short time. It is as follows:

(a) Lay the patient on his stomach, one arm extended directly overhead, the other arm bent at elbow and with the hand or forearm so that the nose and mouth are free for breathing.

(b) Kneel straddling the patient's thighs with your knees placed at such a distance from the hip bones as will allow you to place the palms of your hands on the small of the patient's back with your fingers resting on the ribs, the little finger just touching the lowest rib, with your thumb and fingers in a natural position, and the tips of your fingers just out of sight.

(c) With your arms held straight, swing forward slowly so that the weight of your body is gradually brought to bear upon the patient. Your shoulders should be directly over the heel of your hand at the end of the forward swing. Do not bend your elbows. This operation should take about two seconds.

(d) Now immediately swing backward so as to completely remove the pressure, thus returning to the first position.

(e) After two seconds, swing forward again. Thus repeat deliberately 12 to 15 times a minute the double movement of compression and release, a complete respiration in four or five seconds.

(f) Continue artificial respiration without interruption until natural breathing is restored or until a physician declares that the patient is dead.

(g) As soon as this artificial respiration has been started and while it is being continued, an assistant should loosen any tight clothing about the patient's neck, chest, or waist. Keep the patient warm. Do not give any liquids whatever by mouth until the patient is fully conscious.

(h) To avoid strain on the heart when the patient revives, he should be kept lying down and not allowed to stand or sit up. He should be given some stimulant, such as one teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a small glass of water or a hot drink of coffee or tea. The patient should be kept warm.

(i) Resuscitation should be carried on at the nearest possible point to where the patient received his injuries. He should not be moved from this point until he is breathing normally of his own volition and then moved only in a lying position. Should it be necessary to move the patient before he is breathing normally, resuscitation should be carried on during the time that he is being moved. A brief return of natural respiration is not a certain indication for stopping the resuscitation. Not frequently the patient after a temporary recovery of respiration, stops breathing again. The patient must be watched and if natural breathing stops, artificial respiration should be resumed at once.

(j) In carrying out resuscitation it may be necessary to change the operator. This change must be made without losing the rhythm of respiration. By this procedure no confusion results at the time of change of operator and a regular rhythm is kept up.

The fourth principle relates to dislocations and fractures of bones, which are treated by immobilization in a comfortable position, and a natural one if practicable, care being taken not to move the injured part unnecessarily. Well padded splints are held in place by cravat bandages.

Patient not allowed to stand or sit up.

Fifth, burns are treated, after removal of the clothing, by use of sterile or sterile picric acid gauze and an outer dressing, as a triangular bandage, to hold the gauze in place and exclude the air. The exclusion of air is important. Precautions of cleanliness should be observed as stated for open wounds.

Sixth, shock, or vital depression, which accompanies all injuries to some degree, is treated by keeping the patient lying down at rest; keeping him warm by covering him with blankets or clothing, using hot water bottles, hot bricks, or similar means, aiding circulation by rubbing the extremities towards the heart, but not away from it; and by the use of common stimulants, as hot coffee or aromatic spirits of ammonia.

Seventh, transportation may be necessary to get an injured man to a place of safety, or to a more comfortable location, or to get him to a hospital and a physician. The methods vary with conditions, but the principle of transporting him so that he will suffer no further injury is important, whether he is transported on a stretcher or by one, two, or more persons.

Safety Rules

HUNDREDS of people are injured or killed every day because they "forgot." Forgot what? Because they forgot a safety rule or two which, if remembered at just the right time, would have prevented untold suffering and sorrow.

Safety rules are not arbitrary regulations created by some super-man simply to hamper and restrict our national initiative. On the contrary, they consist of a collection of valuable suggestions representing the joint experience of our entire population. If followed and observed, these rules enable us to expand and enjoy the initiative with which we are all endowed.

Each rule or suggestion is the result of an accident. For instance, a boy sees his chum on the other side of the street. He starts pell mell from one sidewalk to the other without looking either to the right or to the left. An approaching motorist jams on his brakes, but to no avail. The boy is crushed, and someone who sees or hears of this sad case thinks to himself, "Why didn't the child look both ways and wait until all was clear before crossing?"

It is in this way that safety rules are formed; not necessarily rules that are made into, and enforced by law, but rules that could and should be followed by men, women and children the world over.

The safety rules that usually become most firmly impressed on one's mind are the ones people think of themselves after experiencing or witnessing an accident. Some of the most important safety rules, however, are the ones most persons seldom, if ever, think of, simply because they have neither had nor seen accidents emphasizing their importance. In such cases, they must learn from the experience of others.

How can men learn from the experience of others? Prin-

cipally by reading. The newspapers and magazines are full of stories about accidents and disasters. Many of these stories are not very instructive because they simply give accounts of what happened and do not draw any conclusions that might help to prevent similar occurrences.

Under the leadership of the National Safety Council, a national association representing the general public in accident prevention in the shop, on the street, and in the home, much is being done to crystallize the lessons to be learned from accidents that have happened to prevent accidents that may happen.

Industry, to a great extent, has been the leader in accident prevention. In thousands of plants, the protection of the workers has been given maximum consideration. Men have been trained as safety engineers who, among other things, not only supervise the formulating of safety rules, but also devise many ways and means of making these rules known to the workers. In many plants, extensive safety rules have been published in booklet form and copies distributed to all workers so they will be benefited by the experiences of others in avoiding injuries. The new workers are often required to study these rules and pass examinations on them before they are given permanent positions. The rules are then enforced by penalizing the man violating them. The penalties that are usually inflicted consist of discharge or a temporary lay-off without pay, depending upon the nature of the violation and the number of times the man has violated various rules.

State and insurance company authorities are also doing a great deal to promote accident prevention in industry, particularly in the plants that do not have safety engineers. The suggestions made by the state men often have the force of law.

The main purpose of safety rules in industry is to help the worker in forming safe habits of work, and this is a vital factor in accident prevention. For instance, a man is employed to operate a lathe in a machine shop. If he is not told the safe way in which to do certain things, he is quite apt to get started wrong and learn to work unsafely. The unsafe habits that he thus develops are almost sure to result in a mishap sooner or later—possibly involving considerable damage to property, as well as injury to the man. Study of the book of safety rules would have helped this worker to get a good start and to develop habits of work that would keep him in comparative safety for the remainder of his life.

Of course, a man can not become a safe worker simply by reading a book of safety rules. The rules often need to be explained to him by his supervisor or by another workman. In addition, he needs to be reminded of them from time to time by safety posters, movies, speeches, magazines and newspaper articles, safety and warning signs.

Naturally the work of formulating and securing the acceptance of safety rules for the prevention of accidents on the streets and in the homes has been much slower than in industry. Actions of individuals when in their homes and on the streets cannot be supervised as closely as when in industrial plants.

State, country and municipal authorities are helping to solve the problem of accident prevention on the streets and highways primarily by the passage and enforcement of traffic laws. The public schools, automobile clubs, National Safety Council, and other organizations are accomplishing equal if not greater results through their efforts in helping to mold safe habits in the minds of motorists, pedestrians, and persons at home.

This is extremely difficult, particularly with older people, because most of these have formed unsafe habits which it will take months or years to change. For example, they still stand on a chair or a box or anything that happens to be handy when they want to reach from the floor. They thoughtlessly continue this old habit and it never occurs to them that it is much safer and usually easier to use a ladder. To teach an older person safety it is necessary for him to first crowd the unsafe habits out of his mind and then to crowd the safe ones in.

On the other hand, it is much more simple to teach safe habits to a child. He has no habits at all, either safe or unsafe, and it is not necessary to crowd one thing out of his mind to make room for another. His mind is in the formative stage. He must learn something, and it is just as easy for him to learn to do things safely as to do them unsafely.

What a big responsibility this places on mothers and fathers, for where do children learn more than they do from their parents' teachings and examples? If grown-up people won't learn accident prevention for their own sakes, they had better do it for the sake of their children. They should do and say the things they want their children to do and say.

If parents are careful in their talk and in their actions, their children cannot fail to develop safe habits; they will not be injured or killed because they forgot the safety rules learned in the home under the parents' guiding influence. —*Bulletin of National Safety Council.*

Mining Coal In Russia

WHEN Mr. A. J. Cook returned from his visit to Moscow, he adulated the smooth working of the mines in the Donetz basin and contrasted their efficient management with "the criminal bungling and proprietorial sabotage so characteristic of British mining enterprise." We should like to hear what the secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain has to say about the recent trials of the Donetz mining engineers. We can at least give him the credit of sharing in the horror that has been inspired both by the judicial process and the stark savagery of the sentences. Eleven men were condemned to death, but the capital sentence on six of them who confessed and gave evidence against their comrades has been commuted. Two of the three Germans charged were not convicted, but a third has to serve a year's "conditional" imprisonment. From the accounts of the proceedings that have reached us it is evident that there was no real case against the accused—except that they were essentially of the "bourgeois" class and sympathetic with the expatriated mine owner—but that evidence was manufactured by means that savour of the Inquisition, purely to satisfy the abnormal cravings of the notorious Ogpu and to strike terror into the souls of its nominal superiors.

The Ogpu had got most of the engineers in a cleft stick; if they could be proved responsible for the deplorable conditions prevailing at the mines, which for so long we have been invited to examine through rose-coloured spectacles, they were undermining the credit of the ruling clique; if, on the other hand, the mines under their charge were relatively well maintained, they were to be found guilty of perserving the properties for the benefit of their foreign paymasters in the event of a political change. Undoubtedly, however, the dominant motive was the first, and as has been the case before in Russia, the man of science has been made the scapegoat of the inefficient visionary.

In the early stages the scheme miscarried badly, for the five German engineers and foremen were arrested under a charge of obeying the subversive commands of the great German electrical firms before the Ogpu received a report from the miners' delegates which drew a completely different picture, and imputed the inefficiency of the plants to quite different causes. Consequently, as a political stunt, the affair proved a complete failure, rendering it still more difficult for the Soviet to extricate itself from the morass. Without a knowledge of the Russian character, we could only marvel at the complacency with which the recipitate release of the German prisoners has been regarded as a happy means of re-establishing amicable relations with German industry. The barbarity of the executions and the harsh treatment of M. Rabinovitch, the old Soviet Controller of Mines, cannot fail to fill the civilized world with a loathing that no terrorism or sycophancy can eradicate.—*(From Colliery Guardian.)*

Engineering Department

Developments in Mine Timber Treatment

By C. E. Swann

PART I.

THE advantages and savings to be obtained by the preservative treatment of mine timber was set forth in a series of articles published in the August, September and October, 1927, issues of this magazine, and the conclusions drawn have been well established by numerous Governmental and private tests extending over considerable periods of time, but until recently the executives of the coal industry did not give much attention to this phase of mining.

With the exhaustive campaign now in progress relative to cutting down operating costs, increased production and to prevent all avoidable losses in maintenance, the subject of treating timber is receiving considerable attention.

From a careful study of available information at hand on "The Preservative Treatment of Mine Timber" I have abstracted the following data:

After a study of mine timber by R. R. Hornor and Harry E. Tuft, the following conclusions were reached.

Wood has, as no other material does have, the essential properties that fit it to meet the varied conditions of service required in underground support. It has relatively great strength and stiffness in proportion to its weight. Exact figures on strength are of only comparative value in dealing with strength of mine timber, since the strength of a timber varies according to the species and individual characteristics of each timber, and the pressure it must encounter in a mine is unknown.

Steel is strong but under excessive pressure lacks the tenacious resistance to failure shown by timber, steel fails by buckling; and once the initial failure has set in, buckling usually proceeds rapidly, whereas a mine timber under pressure exceeding its strength usually fails gradually. Concrete also fails rapidly when loaded belyond its carrying capactiy. So far no material has been found to equal timber in withstanding heavy pressures accompanied by earth movements, or to give miners such satisfactory warning of approaching failure.

On the basis of the first cost, of service cost and performance of the required functions, timber is pretty generally acknowledged to be far in the lead, with just two objectionable features; first and most serious, its tendency to early decay under the severe conditions of exposure in a mine; and second, the readiness with which it may be ignited by fire, especially when it is partly decayed, and in the moving air currents may spread combustion through extensive areas of the mine. How heavy the burden of timbering in coal mines has become may be judged from the report of the Anthracite Operators' Association that the timber consumption in the anthracite fields was about 500,000,000 board feet per annum, while the production of coal was a little over 70,000,000 tons. Bituminous mines use approximately one-half as much timber per ton of coal produced as is used in the anthracite mines. It can readily be seen that the item of timbering in a mine deserves careful attention, due to the diminishing supply of timber and the consequent increase of cost, which will amount to a large sum in a few years.

The decay of timber has been looked upon as an inherent characteristic of wood that just had to be allowed for as there did not seem to be any acceptable method of prevention. Creosote had made an enviable record for timber used above ground but had not proved entirely satisfactory for mine timbers.

For many years a treatment for mine timbers called Triolith has been used in the European mines, but it has only recently received any great attention in this country. With the introduction of Wolman salts, which is a combination of similar chemicals to Triolith, a very satisfactory preservative for mine timbers has been found.

Mr. John G. Kier in his article "Wood Preservation Adopted to Present Day Needs of Lumber Users" states:—

The fluoride-phenal combination known as Triolith offers the following advantages as a wood preservative: (1) Excellent preservative value due to its toxicity (ability to check fungus growth attack in timber) ranging in laboratory tests from 8 to 10 up to 30 times that of zinc chloride which is one of the most widely known preservatives. (2) Cleanliness of the treated product, which has no noticeable odor or discoloration and can be given any desired surface finish with any sort of paint or varnish. (3) Permanence, resulting from the characteristics of the ingredients—low solubility, and the fact that they do not attract water nor are themselves drawn by external moisture. (4) Economy, offering the lowest cost rate per unit of toxicity of any of the chemicals or mixtures offered as wood preservatives. (6) Dependability, vouched for by the best records of performance in service as well as by their showing in laboratory and test experiments.

Incidental to the use of any metallic salt treatment, there is a noticeable degree of fire retardation. The amount of this retardation of inflammability and combustibility of wood depends upon the character of the salts.

Triolith of itself happens to lend a marked degree of such retardation and in addition to its chemical stability permits, without any difficulty whatever, the addition of another Triolith solution of those salts principally borates and phosphates which furnish the highest available degree of fire retardation.

If to the 2 per cent Triolith solution a 4 per cent addition of Amwood salt is made, which is a carefully worked out combination of fire retardant salts best suited to check inflammation and combustion, the wood is very nearly equivalent to fireproofing material and far better than any fireproofing in that it retains all the valuable characteristics of wood, its resistency, its elasticity, etc.

Wood preservation is entering upon an entirely new basis as a result of the scientific research and the technical developments of the past five or ten years. The investigations of the United States Forest Products Laboratory, as well as the work of both American and European engineers and chemists, have given us a clear understanding of the bioligic mechanism of decay of wood, and have set up conclusive methods of determination of toxicity of preservatives so that today we are in position to proceed upon an intelligent engineering basis to handle the problem for any particular case.

The use of definitely determinable toxicity in chemicals that can be produced with absolute uniformity and checked by reasonably simple methods of analysis places the purchase of preservative value on the same rational basis as the purchase of coal on the basis of heat unit content.

(To be continued.)

Doubtful Blessing

A little boy was on his fourth week of whooping cough. Panting after one of his midnight paroxysms, he called sleepily from his bedroom: "Mother, if I give my whooping cough to some other little boy, will I still have it?"

"I'm afraid so, dear," replied his mother.

"Aw, heck!"—Toronto Mail and Empire.

New Motor-Generator Installation

By D. C. McKeehan

THERE has recently been installed at No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, a 300 K. W. synchronous motor-generator set to supply direct-current energy to additional mechanical loading equipment, cutting machines, etc.

The driving motor which receives three-phase alternating current is rated at 450 H. P., 2,200 volts and 80 per cent power factor.

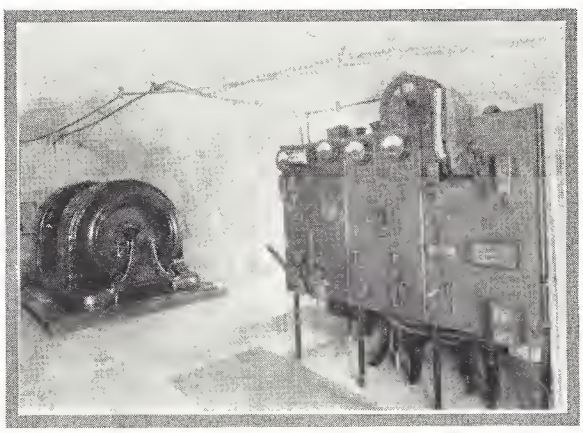
The direct-current generator is rated at 300 K. W. at 250 volts. Both machines are capable of carrying a 25 per cent overload for two hours. The set operates at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute.

The accompanying photograph shows the complete installation. The generator is at the left and is direct coupled to the synchronous motor.

The left hand switchboard panel is for controlling the starting and protection of the synchronous motor.

The center panel is for controlling the direct-current generator and the panel at the right contains an automatic reclosing circuit breaker for protecting the generator at times of excessive load or on short-circuits.

Our Code of Standards provides for a number of salient features that must be complied with when making these installations.



At the left of the direct-current generator you will observe a small door in the rear wall of the room. This door is provided with a rope which may be seen supported on the ceiling and extends to the room entrance. In case of a serious burn-out the door may be opened by pulling on the rope, thereby permitting the smoke or fumes to be carried to the air course and thence out of the mine instead of passing over the workmen in remote parts of the workings. A rubber mat in front of the switchboard protects anyone handling the equipment should a fault occur. The cast iron frame of the set is effectively connected to the earth.

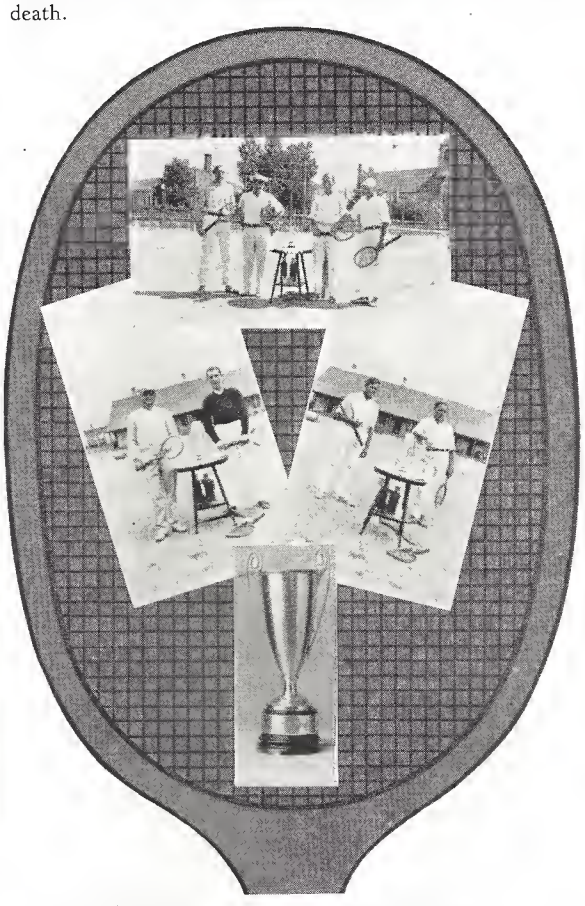
The floor of the room is of concrete cement mortar making same fire resisting. The switchboard is located near the entrance to the room in order that attendants need not pass the rotating parts to start or stop the set. All 2,200 volt conductors are enclosed so that they are inaccessible to anyone.

The room is provided with fire extinguishers which are plainly marked that they can be used on line parts. Buckets of shale dust containing not less than two cubic feet by volume are available to smother any fire that may occur. An insulated platform is provided upon which workmen may stand when handling parts that may be alive through error. No one but authorized persons who have the recognized capabilities are permitted to handle the equipment.

The W. P. Murphy Tennis Cup

On July 22 and 23, practically a year after the death of W. P. Murphy, the tennis players of Rock Springs and Green River engaged in team matches for a cup, known as the "W. P. Murphy Memorial Cup," donated by a friend of the former Union Pacific draughtsman.

"Murph," along with F. L. McCarty, H. H. Hamblin, and T. O. Reavill, was one of the pioneers in the present development of the game in Rock Springs, and for a time was the best player. His keen sportmanship and unfailing courtesy made him one of the most popular men on the court and local tennis suffered a severe blow in his untimely death.



The W. P. Murphy Tennis cup and the players who competed for same at Rock Springs this year.

The Murphy Cup is to be played for by various towns in Wyoming, but this first year the competition was confined to Rock Springs and Green River. It was very gratifying that Rock Springs was the first to gain possession of the cup, although it did so not without a great deal of difficulty. Four "singles" matches and one "doubles" match were played following the scheme of competition for the international Davis Cup. For Rock Springs, F. P. Pursley and T. O. Reavill each defeated George Stevens of Green River, and E. A. Priestoff and T. O. Reavill won from George Stevens and James Gogherty in the "doubles." James Gogherty gained two victories for Green River by defeating both Pursley and Reavill in the other two "singles" encounters.

The Reason

Muriel: "The man I marry must be a hero."

Dora: "Oh, come, dear. You are not as bad looking as all that."

Mechanical Engineering In Coal Mines

An address delivered by Eugene McAuliffe, President, The Union Pacific Coal Company, at a meeting of The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, held at St. Paul, Minnesota, August 28, 1928

DOUBTLESS the earliest engineering service rendered the mining industry was that of establishing locations for mine openings and thereafter directing the course of the underground adits, a crude magnetic compass being used in certain instances to point the way and a wooden pole being employed as a measuring instrument. Years passed, and then came the discovery of the steam engine, a mechanical device which was first used to pump water from British coal pits; and thereafter the first real task given to the puny locomotive of the day was that of hauling coal from a British mine.

For three-fourths of a century after the adaptation of steam to coal-mine usage, the work of the mechanical engineer was largely absorbed in the development of steam-driven water pumps, winding engines, etc. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the demand for a successful coal-cutting machine appeared and air-driven coal-cutting machines of the punching or percussion type were developed, relieving the miner of the arduous task of cutting a wedge-shaped groove in the coal just above the floor or in the floor material underlying the coal seam. This machine did valiant service in certain low coal districts and where the coal was too hard to cut successfully with the miner's pick; and with added modifications, the punching machine was also used to shear the coal seam vertically. The difficulties that attach to the use of compressed air within mines and the limited capacity of the punching machine were solved by the invention of the electric-driven chain coal-cutting machine, a device now in general use, fully 72 per cent of the bituminous coal of the United States being undercut by machines in 1926.

Electricity for Steam and Mule Power

The introduction of the coal-cutting machine led to a more general substitution of electric for steam power in the operation of pumps, and the shift from the pit mule to the electric mine locomotive quickly followed. In the development of the mine equipment referred to, as well as in the boiler room, in the power house, and in the tipple, the mechanical engineer had rendered signal service, but his great task yet lays before him in supplying power-driven coal-loading machines for the work of lifting coal by hand from the floor of the working place into the pit car. The magnitude of the task that attaches to loading into mine cars the nation's annual production of coal will be readily comprehended when it is understood that the cubic-yard content of 562,000,000 tons of soft coal, a volume approximating the hand-shoveled output for one year, would cover an area of one square mile to a depth of 800 ft., a pile equal to 272 times the cubical capacity of the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

The power-driven coal-loading machine was definitely developed by W. A. Hamilton in 1907. The original Hamilton coal loader made a substantial start toward success, loading 150 tons in one eight-hour shift, but the mine labor employed by the coal company in whose mine the experiment was being conducted struck against its use, and after many vicissitudes the inventor gave up the struggle. Little was done until 1922, when a machine not remote in design from the original Hamilton appeared, giving the task new life and new impetus. Today there is a loader capable of successful use under every condition of mining, and each year brings out new ideas, new machines, and new methods; and while the percentage of coal mechanically loaded is yet small, the ratio in which the work is expanding, as shown by the following figures, is definitely encouraging:

	1923	1924	1925	1926
Number of mines using loading machines	60	83	95	131
Number of machines used	125	219	340	455
Net tons loaded by machines	1,879,726	3,495,522	6,243,104	10,022,195

While the figures for 1927 are not yet available, it is reasonable to estimate the quantity loaded by machines for last year at from 13,000,000 to 14,000,000 tons.

Many Types of Coal Loaders Now

There are many types of coal-loading machines—too many, in fact, to attempt within the brief space available the task of describing them. Certain machines were designed as loaders only, while others are of the composite type, coupling for example the work of undercutting the coal with its loading. Again, other devices serve to join the work of loading with that of mine transport. Many elements foreign to the above-ground experiences of the engineer must be taken into account in the design and adaptation of any underground device; space limitations, coal seams which pitch heavily, the roof supports required, and that most important element, adequate ventilation, all are compelling factors. Engineers who have labored with the difficult problem of ore reduction, including the handling of rocks grading from the softest up to the hardest, will find quite the same degree of variation between coals. The character of the coal in place, including its natural cleavage lines, or, as sometimes happens, the entire absence of them, affects the work of the mechanical loader.

After more than five years' active connection with the work of mechanical coal loading, the author is prone to repeat that the greatest engineering task confronting the manufacturer of coal-loading machinery is the human one. The designing engineer has done valiant work, and the men who sell the machines have proved fervent evangelists, but the "coal mind" moves slowly, and the manufacturer who undertakes to underwrite more than the general design and quality of the material used in his machine is facing trouble. A salesman cannot always sell the proper attitude of mind to the buyer with his machine, and it is no exaggeration to say that coal-loading success is mine-management success. The mine manager who succeeds in a mechanical coal-loading program is the man who makes up his mind to succeed in spite of all difficulties; labor opposition, unforeseen obstacles, even weakness of machine design. The engineer and manufacturer can modify or eliminate weakness of design or material where he cannot reform mine management. This portion of the task rests with the management itself, and in "management" is included every one from the apprentice to the president.

Resistance to Innovations

The opposition of mine labor to new methods has its foundation sunk deep in more than a hundred years of mining tradition. This opposition to change is too often quite as deeply fixed in the mind of the manager as it is in that of the workman. The coal loader has been held back by the indisposition to change from the method of development established to meet hand-loading conditions. For example, certain states found it necessary to restrict the use of explosives within the mines to off-shift hours. In the

light of the conditions that obtained when the laws were passed, this action represented a step forward. In Kansas, for example, all coal is shot from the solid with black powder; and blown-out shots, with incipient mine explosions, are numerous. The population of certain small Kansas graveyards is said to consist mainly of shot firers. With the principal working force out of the mine, the shot firers may legally kill themselves for $12 to $30 a shift. In certain other states quite the same laws govern, and coal may be shot in any manner, with any explosive, during off-shift hours, although shooting is definitely forbidden with the main force blow; and so mechanical loading is retarded. The state should prescribe safe methods, safety explosives, rules of procedure, and thereafter enforce the rules. Great Britain, France, and Belgium have real mining laws and real enforcement, with the result that their combined average mine-fatality rate, when measured in terms of million man-hours of exposure, is but 21.8 per cent of ours. It is this mongrel mixture of state mining laws, plus an absence of mine-safety conscience, coupled with the fact that the task of state mine inspector is looked upon as a job to be given in return for party activity, that is largely responsible for the present unenviable record. The workers who make up the union constituency are quite as indifferent to the unfortunate mine-safety situation as are the owners, although they supply the lives and limbs that are used in the sacrifice. Fifty per cent of the state mining regulations are honored in the breach rather than the observance. As in the case of the present coal-mine labor situation, the public is, with the exception of a few politically minded legislators and a lesser number of social workers, paying little attention to the mine-safety problem.

Mechanical Engineer to Have Greater Part

In conclusion, it is the author's belief that the further mechanization of coal mines will continue and that the mechanical engineer will grow in value and importance in the coal-mining world. Again, time and space prevent any attempt to forecast the changes that will certainly occur in the art of mining coal. Through further mechanization processes, workmen now paid for creating foot-pounds of energy will become the builders, operators, and maintainers of machines. The cost of production will be lowered, and methods of mining will be changed to provide for the more prompt removal of the mineral within a given area, with less reserve mineral lost. This calls for concentration of the working area, and this in turn will make for more efficient ventilation and fewer disastrous explosions. Mines in which a number of men work together within a comfortable area will admit of better supervision, more efficient illumination, and the assignment of specially trained men to the use of explosives and machinery. Electric service lines and apparatus will be employed in volume and under conditions such as not only to justify but to require the services of competent electrical engineers. With the items of interest, taxes, depreciation, and obsolescence, as well as the cost of ventilation and pumping, running as constants against the cost of production, the industry will eventually, like the public utilities, look to multiple shifting as a means toward obtaining a better load factor. Few operators realize that 175 working days, a common yearly average for coal mines, supply a load factor (holidays excluded) of less than 20 per cent. We cannot have too much of the far-seeing mechanical engineer in the coal industry.

The Sunlight Building

Service For Motorists—Baked Goods—Ice Cream

Ann's Store! The Sunlight Building! If no one arranged a name contest for this buliding the children of the district named it without a contest. Ann's store! A new store with a new style of architecture for this district. California stucco and the bright colored trimmings and decorations which stand out against the cold greyness of the drab rocky hills which skirt the mines and No. Four district.

But first we see Henry Klemenc who guards and serves on the outside of the building. Early he arrives in the morning. And to prove that he's entirely awake and ready to offer his wares he whistles "Yesterday." We catch the last lines, not inappropriate in this Sunlight Building: "Then like the sunshine you drove the clouds away."

Early it is. The air machine is turned on—responds. It's difficult to tell which is the happier, more shiny, the machine or Henry. Service, if you please.

For the motorist and the neighborhood, with Henry Klemenc and Ann Copyak ready to give service.

Ah, a touring motor party! Gallons of Gas! "Is this the Lincoln Highway?" Henry gives road information as part of his service. And before the day is over he will have served motorists from New York and Iowa, Chicago and St. Louis, from Paris, Illinois, and Portland, Maine. So he whistles as his first customer moves on with only information added to his luggage. And anyway Henry has sweeping and dusting to do. He fills the ice cream hampers and shines the silverware. Last evening was a busy time. And he whistles as he works: "Then like the sunshine you drove the clouds away."

But presently the children who have gathered to watch Henry's business are heard: "Here's Ann!" "Here comes Ann!" And Ann Copyak, storekeeper of the Sunlight Bakery and high dispenser of ice cream and candy arrives. And soon they shop. "One of those." "That kind." Candy selection is easy. Shopping for mother too is made easy. And it's mother's busy morning. Youthful shoppers are in demand.

The Sunlight Building, "Ann's Store."

And visitors to the shop. Ann delights to show it off. First the bakery, she knows all about the mechanics of this and proudly exhibits the newest style electric oven, the electric mixers, the perfect arrangements; the bread moulder, all electric; the steamer where the bread rises before it is put in the oven with perfectly volted temperatures. And the cake mixer with near-by jars of spices that smell of goodies. Ann will show it to you. And should you need motor car service or road information Henry has it all on tap. And a tune—always a whistled tune that fits Ann's store and Ann's smile.

The Union Pacific Coal Company's Scholarship

IN THE June number of the Employes' Magazine, announcement was made of the scholarship to be given by The Union Pacific Coal Company in Mining Engineering. In that issue details and conditions of the scholarship were outlined.

Canvass of the various schools discloses that few of the high school students who are eligible to the scholarship because of being "sons or wards of employes" have taken the necessary course of study to make them eligible. This is a condition which is to be deplored.

Entrance to the average engineering school requires preparation in algebra, plane geometry and solid geometry, chemistry, physics, English and American history. The foregoing studies were required of graduates in the high schools of 20 years ago together with some language other than English, civics, biology, botany and various other studies.

Mike Grillos.

This is in no way a criticism of the curriculums of the present day high school. All of the foregoing subjects are given and are available if students desire them. It is, however, to be lamented that students, young people with immature minds, are allowed to pick and choose a course which gives them a sufficient number of credits to entitle them to graduation without putting out a maximum of mental effort while in the school,—training their minds instead of their hands. The arguments advanced for manual training courses are well understood. It is only the abuse of the privilege of selection that is under indictment.

The scholarship offered by The Union Pacific Coal Company is second to none in the United States, with the possible exception of the Rhodes' Scholarship. The scholarship is tendered with two views in mind. First, that it will tend to foster better scholastic attainments among the various high schools which are attended by "sons or wards of employes" of the Coal Company. Second, it is hoped and desired that the young men who will receive this scholarship will not only go out into the world and become a credit to their profession, but underlying the plan there is the desire that from these young men, some of whom it is hoped will obtain employment with The Union Pacific Coal Company, future executives and operating officers may be chosen.

Max Lebar.

Of the relatively large number of past graduates who are eligible through the employment of their parent or guardian but two have made application for the scholarship.

Mike Grillos, a member of the graduating class of 1928, Rock Springs High School, was born in Greece in 1910. He came to the United States in 1916 with his parents, the family settling at Hanna, Wyoming, where the father secured employment with the Coal Company. Later they moved to Rock Springs and still later to Winton, where the father is now employed as a miner.

Mike, early in his High School course, set out with a definite purpose. Having decided upon an engineering course, he has applied himself diligently with the result that he was graduated with honors. He is a member of the National High School Honor Society, Gros Ventre Chapter.

Max Lebar, the second applicant, was born in Rock Springs in 1911, of Austrian parentage, they having come to the United States in 1903. The father worked in old No. 9 and No. 7 Mine, and lost his life in a mine car accident in the latter in 1916.

Max has attended the Rock Springs schools, graduating with the Class of 1927, being among those taking high honors.

The examination for the scholarship (which will be given during the first week of September) it is hoped will bring out other likely prospects, from which one will be chosen.

Real Humor—Humorous Reality

J. McD.

MERRIMENT is usually a matter of the spirit and it must be shared to be real, to be there at all; but humor, bless it, may be enjoyed when alone, may be ironic, sardonic—indeed thrives on a certain aloofness of spirit.

We're not so sure that we enjoy what has ordinarily passed for clerical humor, the clergyman who'd forgotten his church history and couldn't recall what the Diet of Worms was, and the sentimental young widow in the congregation. We've heard our share of them, or perhaps more than our share.

But a recent compilation of stories from clerical sources by John o' London's Weekly touches high and humorous spots. Among others it is related of Bishop Stubbs of Oxford that when a church-warden complained to him that the curate of his church wore a hood somewhat like that of an Oxford M. A., a degree he did not possess, adding: "The man has a lie upon his back, my Lord," the Bishop replied: "Don't say that, Mr. Jones. Say rather that he has a falsehood." The Weekly continues:

"To another worrying clergyman of his diocese who once asked for a leave of absence for three months in order to visit the Holy Land and was too persistent, the Bishop wrote: "My dear Smith, Go to Jericho. Yours ever, — —."

"To the child the church dignitary is not always the imposing person that he is to the grown-up. Bishop Alexander, on one occasion, seeing a little boy trying in vain to reach up and ring a bell, kindly did it for him. "Now run," said the boy.

"Bishop Short, of St. Asaph's, was once questioning some children, and in the course of his queries asked them, "Now can you tell who I am?" Remembering some previous instruction, they shouted with one accord, "Please, sir, you are a miserable sinner."

It was, says John o' London's, Archbishop Magee who once stated that there were two necessary qualifications for the holder of a church office, the first being to suffer fools gladly and the second, to answer letters by return of post. Perhaps he should have further required a sense of humor. Certain it is that only the man who has a large sympathy with human nature can have a real sense of humor and be his comment sardonic, ironic or caustic, understanding must first enlighten—and perhaps a willingness to have the joke on himself sometimes. It was this same Bishop Magee who, when at a banquet, the waiter spilled soup on him, said: "Will some lay brother please express my feelings."

He Had Reason

Lady (at theatre, to man in seat behind): "I hope my hat is not worrying you."

The Man: "It is worrying me a lot—my wife wants one like it."—Journal Amusant, Paris.

Our Little Girls

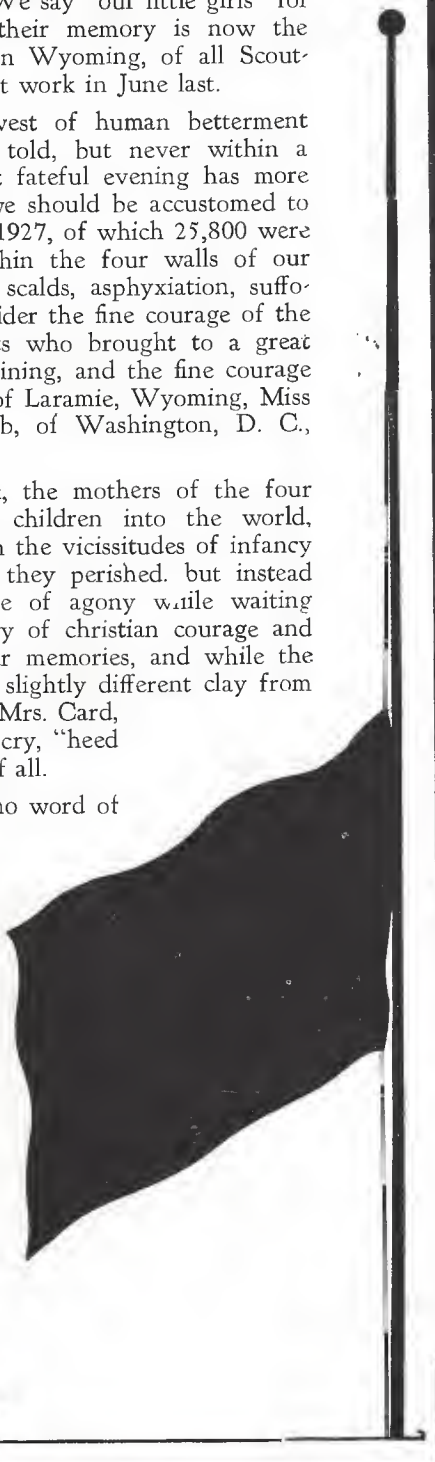
NO ONE who reads the story of the tragedy that befell the Girl Scouts of Rock Springs and Superior which follows in this issue of the Employes' Magazine, will pass the first half page without shedding blinding, scalding tears, and moreover they need feel no shame for their shedding. God and youth alone are eternal, and it was tender, innocent, joyous youth that died in the waters of New Fork Lake, died but to live on in the hearts and souls of the thousands who share the sorrows of the parents, sisters, brothers and other relatives of our little girls. We say "our little girls" for while, until their passing, they belonged only to their families, their memory is now the proud possession of every man, woman and child living in Western Wyoming, of all Scoutdom, and of our people in Washington who witnessed the Girl Scout work in June last.

There never was loss without some gain, and what the harvest of human betterment rising out of this crushing disaster will yet measure cannot be told, but never within a period of the extent of the few days which have passed since that fateful evening has more fineness of soul and high courage been displayed. As a people we should be accustomed to tragedy, as witness the 95,000 accidental deaths that occurred in 1927, of which 25,800 were caused by automobiles and trucks, and 8,000 by drowning. Within the four walls of our American homes nearly 25,000 deaths occurred last year, burns, scalds, asphyxiation, suffocation and poison the principal causes. And yet, when we consider the fine courage of the women in charge of the camp, the Senior and Junior Girl Scouts who brought to a great and sudden emergency the result of their Scout discipline and training, and the fine courage of the trained swimmers in attendance, Miss Aileen McQuinn, of Laramie, Wyoming, Miss Josephine Russell, of Sheridan, Wyoming, and Mr. Joseph Webb, of Washington, D. C., we must continue to think that "all is right with the world."

And now a word for those upon whom the blow fell heaviest, the mothers of the four little girls. After having suffered through the bringing of their children into the world, watching over, caring for, and nursing and guiding them through the vicissitudes of infancy and childhood, it was not their privilege to be with them when they perished. but instead each was compelled to experience her own individual Gethsemane of agony while waiting for the melancholy cortege to travel the long way home. The story of christian courage and resignation shown by these mothers deserves a lasting place in our memories, and while the fathers suffered and bore, the world looks upon man as made of slightly different clay from which motherhood is molded. The poignant appeal of one mother, Mrs. Card, who rose above the darkest hour we trust that she will ever see to cry, "heed the voice of youth" to "carry on," may well be taken as the feeling of all.

Shocked and stunned as our communities are, there has been no word of criticism of methods employed, of contingencies unanticipated, of work done other than efficiently, loyally and conscientiously. The four children that died left this world in obedience to the "great plan." Their souls were stainless, their hearts joyous, and their lilting voices are shouting and singing now, as they will in the years to come, in the minds and memories of those who knew them, to love them. They are of that "Kingdom of Heaven" which the humble Nazarene promised when he spoke nineteen centuries gone to the children of all ages, countries and climes.

Together with all the men of the Union Pacific Coal Company and Washington Union Coal Company family, we are not ashamed of the tears we have shed as we read the story of the joyous beginning and the heart breaking ending of the Girl Scouts Camp of 1928. Questions of cost, of management, of wages and conditions, seem petty things to think of in the face of the losses recently experienced. The chivalry and courage shown by those who took the first great shock, the fortitude of sorrowing rela-



tives and friends, and last but not least, the splendidly Christian example set by the whole clergy of Rock Springs, who teach the Fatherhood of God without sectarian prejudice or rivalry, speaks volumes for the future of the work that has been carried on for five years past for the Boys and Girls, a work that men and women, without regard to station or calling, have been glad to assist in.

The Boy and Girl Scout work will go on better and braver than ever before, and a searching study will be made to the end that the tragedy of 1928 will not be repeated. Such is the spirit of America. Set backs come but as in the past we will continue to "greet the unseen with a cheer."

Eugene McAuliffe

A Sorrowing Camp

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And around my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, Not a tear must o'er her fall,—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Elizabeth Browning

"HE GIVETH his beloved sleep"—but the tears come—and stay—as we attempt to write of our 1928 Girls' camp and are overwhelmed again by the loss of beautiful, happy, lovable little friends, and think of the sorrow of sorely bereaved parents. It has seemed impossible to write it.

But we've had many examples of courage during these days, and it is right that we tell the story of our short two days of pleasure.

We left our homes in the early morning and before luncheon all but three girls had arrived at camp. Soon everybody was busy getting settled and being served a sandwich luncheon by Mrs. Higgins and a corps of older girls. Some lunched with parents and the Indians held a merry picnic party just beside their huge brown tent with Captain Merna Shedden while they wondered about Lizzie—and Lizzie's tent—and teased the Director that they were glad to be further from her camp this year where noises might not be heard. Captain Mrs. Harrison Hayes and Inez Genette took the "Little Mignonettes" to luncheon and presently, when the huge truck of new-mown hay arrived, had a lot of fun filling beds and completing preparations for the night. Lieutenant Hattie Edom, an old camper, busied herself planning a real woodsy camp with the Nightingales and Ada Son and her lovable little Ravens were quickly in order with dressing cases placed in a neat little row.

At dinner-time the three remaining campers arrived with friends, were welcomed and the Indians' encampment was complete.

Officers were introduced at camp-fire. Josephine Russell was sure "Jo" was her best name, and Lois was welcomed back from three years of college and teaching. It seemed right to have a curly-headed swimming teacher. And we went to bed at 7:30 because we were tired from the trip up. And even whispered ghost stories by tent mates did not keep us awake.

And the next day we were at camp and we had a swimming hour. And schedules and programs were put up, and at dinner, prepared by Mrs. Higgins and our Commissioner, Mrs. Stark, our fun began in earnest. Each new camper was given a freshie "mark" and every troop was dressed to illustrate their names. Lovely leaf wings decorated the Eagles; the Arrows had bows and arrows; "Jo" Russell and the Bears had a table centre of beautiful white cotton polar bears enjoying an icy cavern that reminded of Christmas time; bead bands and blankets told who the Indians were.

Bonfire and a program by the Nightingales. And as a part of the program some girls were sent on a short hike, accompanied by five officers. Returning, one girl sprained her kneecap and was being carried, so the return was slower by the path along the Lake. The boat had been sent to see why the group was delayed and was requisitioned to take the injured girl and seven others to camp.

And the saddest day we ever knew did not end until dawn and the realization came that only four of the girls who had been in the boat were saved. And it seemed impossible that it was so. Each one of these gone were so needed, were so loved in homes and by parents—and by us who were their troop mates. And death had come, away from their homes and mothers. And we were there and could not save them. The saddest, saddest day we ever knew. But mothers are brave while they suffer and these four were lovely.

"He giveth His beloved sleep"

JESSIE McDIARMID, Director.

Margaret Minton Card

MARGARET CARD was the beloved only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Card, L Street, Rock Springs, and was born in Hartford, Arkansas, March 20th, 1917. She came to the West with her parents in 1919, so that she had lived most of her life in it, and liked to tell that she was a little "Western March Wind," full of life and fun.

Her mother taught her first formal lessons at a little school desk in her home and she had graduated from the sixth grade at the Washington School. She belonged to the Sunday School of the Baptist Church and, early in the summer, joined Troop IV, Girl Scouts, the Rock Springs' Indians in which she already had many happy friendships and of which Miss Merna Shedden is Captain.

Scout Margaret Minton Card.

She was very fond of out-door things and had sent her mother and father some pressed flowers, telling about their beauty and profusion. Possessing an excellent girls' library, she had read extensively for a young girl, and her ability to express their feeling for out-door grandeur was a joy to her sister Indians.

And at the sun-set hour on August 9th, the Indians joined in the service of loving memories when Margaret was carried to her last earthly resting place. Catherine Fearn, Irma Vardy, Betty Hanks, Nona Francis Wood, Wilma Bell and Janet Wilson were pall-bearers. Reverend R. L. Hosford, conducting the service, read the Twenty-third Psalm; the Indians sang the Scout hymn, "Our Father, we would bring Thee a Scoutship strong and true," and Dick Mills played "Memories" on the violin Margaret loved so well.

Scouts stood at salute along the walk to the home and a brave little mother glorified that salute, for these girls for all time, by returning it.

And at the cemetery, as a golden sun rested for a moment on the hilly horizon and slowly sank in rosy glow, the Indians sang "Day Is Dying in the West" and "Taps."

"All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh."

Minnie Rose Fornengo

MINNIE Fornengo was the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Fornengo of 7th Street, Rock Springs. She was thirteen years of age and attended the Rock Springs Junior High School. She was a member of the North Side Catholic Church and of the Girls' Sodality there. She had one sister, Mary, seventeen years old, and two brothers, Johnny, twelve, and little Jimmy, two years old. Jimmy was Minnie's especial pet and she often told that she could get her child care badge easily because she had Jimmy to do things for.

Scout Minnie Rose Fornengo

She was very fond of all outdoor things and was a member of the Nightingale troop which took the place of the Junior High School troop organized by Miss Della Ryan, visiting teacher of the Rock Springs School system, two years ago. Miss Lois Page is captain of this troop and Miss Hattie Edom, Lieutenant.

Requiem High Mass was celebrated at the North Side Catholic Church on Saturday morning, August 11th, and on Sunday, the 12th, at 2:30 p. m. Minnie was laid to rest in the Rock Springs' cemetery near these other loved ones, her sister Scouts.

Members of the Nightingale troop were pall-bearers: Clara and Leona Sturman, Velma McMillan, Rose Russold, Albina Haffner and Annie Chokie acting. Girl Scouts from Rock Springs, Superior, Winton and Reliance attended the services and again joined in singing "Taps" at the grave side, while hundreds of friends paid their final tribute to a beautiful child and offered silent sympathy to bereaved and sorrowing parents.

Rena Angeli

RENA ANGELI was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Angeli of Superior. She was born on November 7th, 1917, and would have been eleven years old on her next birthday. She was a brilliant girl, far above the average in school work. She danced beautifully and was a most apt music pupil. She memorized music readily and was always willing to help in school programs.

Scout Rena Angeli.

Her six months' old little brother was her especial joy, and before she went to camp she went around to her neighbor playmates and asked them to be sure to run in and play with him while she was away; that he'd miss her, and especially she wanted them to go when her mother was busy. She also gave her parents minute directions in the care of her police dog, a beautiful dog her Uncle Frank had given her.

She joined the Girl Scout Troop organized by Mrs. Harrison Hayes in the South Superior School and belonged to the "Lindy" patrol, which had its own "Treasure Chest."

On Monday, August 6th, she told Mrs. Hayes, her Captain, that she hadn't cared so much for camp the first day, but that she was having a wonderful time now, especially at dinner Monday evening. She was the littlest Scout at Camp, and already the girls loved her as the camp pet—and an efficient, helpful little girl.

Funeral services were conducted by Reverend Roy Burt of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Girl Scouts from every town in the district attending and, for the first time, using "Taps," the Scouts' good night to each other, to the day and all its beauty with the night's assurance that "All is well—God is nigh," to bid a loved little sister Scout a last "Good night."

Reta Sarah Tolton

RETA TOLTON was the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jane Tolton and the half-sister of Misses Agnes and Ada Son, Senior Girl Scouts. She was born at Linwood, Utah, on November 30th, 1919, and not being very robust and being of a more than lovable and gentle disposition was the golden-haired joy of her mother and brothers and sisters.

She was a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints, having been baptized after her eighth birthday; a member of the Sunday School, Primary and Religion Classes, where she was loved, too, for her sweetness and beauty.

Too young to be a member of a Girl Scout troop, she had attended the gatherings of Troop 8, Rock Springs, which held its meetings in her mother's home on West Flat, and of which her sister, Ada, is Lieutenant and Althea is a member.

Left to mourn the loss of this little favorite are: her mother, Mrs. Jane Tolton; her sisters, Mrs. John Bair, Rock Springs; Myrtle Son, nursing in California; Agnes, Secretary to Miss D. C. Shields, Superintendent of Wyoming General Hospital; Ada Son of Rock Springs High School; Althea and Jeanie Tolton; and her brothers, Edward and Arnold Tolton.

Scout Reta Sarah Tolton

A funeral service was held at the Church of Latter Day Saints, conducted by Bishop J. I. Williams and Leland Draney. Girl Scouts attended in Troops and at the cemetery quietly sang "Taps" at the conclusion of the religious services.

Heroism and Help

IN OUR deadening sorrow for the loss of four little loved Scouts and our sympathy for grievously bereaved parents we must not forget to be thankful for those who were saved, for Betty Knox's pluck and the knowledge she'd acquired while living near the seashore—and that among the camp officers were three life savers; that Mrs. Bert Carollo, our nurse, had arrived and that there were immediately available Girl Scout First Aid experts about whose technique and training in artificial respiration there could be no question, since they had but recently been minutely examined by officers of the United States Bureau of Mines.

Three of the camp officers are eligible for life saving medals: Josephine Russell of Sheridan, Wyoming; Aileen McQuinn of Laramie, Wyoming, and Joe Webb of Washington, D. C. And we honor these as does the rest of the world. And two of our own Boy Scouts helped: Ishmael Adams held a little girl on the available boat edge until rescuers arrived, and Billy Thomas helped Betty Knox, who was swimming in.

And the instant, quiet, persistent work of the First Aid girls was something beyond all praise or comment. Three little lives were saved by it, and letters of commendation will be asked from the Girl Scouts of America National Committee. Girls who'd gone to bed were called and responded like Scouts, and could Girl Scouting make no other plea to our loyalty than this, we must pledge it our best. And had it given us no further reward, association with such girls were already a tremendous reward enough.

Nor can we pass without a grateful acknowledgment to Leckie Cox, whose fineness and strength cannot be exaggerated. And each officer who fought with a determination and faith we must reverence, for lives they had known so well and loved so dearly: Mrs. B. Carollo, nurse; Miss Lois Page, Mrs. Harrison Hayes, Miss Augusta Mulkay, Miss Merna Shedden, Miss Hattie Edom, Miss Ada Son, Miss Ruth McDonald, Mrs. Hugh McLean and Mrs. Sam Stark.

And Scoutmaster C. H. Carlson and Percy Groutage of Winton, who were camping near us and came to our aid. And near-by friends who came from the ranch of Senator P. W. Jenkins, stood by and helped us. And Mr. A. Sargent of the Sargent Inn at Daniel, who brought the doctor; and the telephone station at Pinedale which stayed open. And Scout Luke Foster of Winton, who ran fleet messages until tired out. To all these we express our thanks. And to Messrs. George B. Pryde, J. I. Williams and Ralph Gilpin, who brought our own Doctor T. H. Roe. And to friends in Pinedale and Rock Springs who came to take us home. And our own council members, Mrs. John Park and Mrs. O. Feldcher, whose coming brought relief.

Nor can we close here. There are the Scouts who made fires, heated bricks; who kept faith through a long night and in whom we have a grateful pride that helps in the sadness.

Voices of Children

Winnie Legge Card

In "Voices of Children," Mrs. Winnie Legge Card (Mrs. Ben Card), mother of our beloved Scout Margaret Card, with a more than sympathetic pen and out of a sorely bereaved mother-heart, makes a plea for a continued consideration of the spiritual and recreational needs of childhood, for the advance of Girl Scouting.

Only a vast understanding, born of close association with a joyous, happy daughter, could have given such complete knowledge of the place the development of the creative instinct has in whole living.

And as we cherish and take comfort from her expression of this understanding, we pray, too, as voiced by Reverend Roy E. Burt, that a tremendous realization of life's true values, of the realities of life —a consecration that knows no self—may be ours. —EDITOR.

AS I think of the events of the past week the voices of many children come to me, the voices of the children of today.

Some of the voices are sad and lonely.

Many of the voices are glad, bursting with a note that tells of the joy of living.

Some are timid, some are bold but all contain some note of the all old story, the story of Jesus' love for children.

Some are innocent having been carefully guarded and loved and cared for with much understanding.

Some are wise and strident, having been taught by bitter experience that the only way to happiness lay in deceit and keeping one's own council.

Some are troubled, slightly sobbing over some recent outburst of Mother or Daddy over something their age cannot grasp or understand.

Some are harmonious, having been nurtured where harmony dwells.

Some are irresolute, discordant, rebellious, from having older voices substituted for theirs.

Oh, there are other voices that I have heard that I cannot describe with words. The voices of children come to me.

I seem to hear these voices call in one accord: "Oh, give us a chance to speak a word. A word that will be heard with understanding, not by a self-loving heart; nor by one too busy to have patience for the right attitude of listening."

Hear the voices of children.

"Give us one time each year to follow the dictates of our hearts." (The inclination of the heart of a child is to be with children of like age and interest. Children, like small trees or weeds or flowers, may be dwarfed, stunted or made frail by being too much in the shadow of older ones.)

"Give us, to go with us, hearts that understand, hearts that are older and stronger and wiser, but are still filled with vivid memories of their own and others' childhood problems. And give us, to go with us, hearts that know the wisdom of counseling much with God; and hearts skilled in medics and means of caring for our bodies."

The voices still continue: "Oh, take us, ye wise and loving hearts, and let's go Scouting.

"Teach us many things of which our parents were denied the knowledge. And give them some time away from us for retrospection and looking forward. Give them the same position as a mother oak, whose small trees grow and develop better when not too close to older ones, but out of the shade in the sunshine.

"We are so young, so small, having just reached Scouting age. We know not always how to make ourselves clear.

"Take just our young group at this time, so we may not be discouraged by older competition. (Older trees have more leaves, more tiny feeding roots; older people have more mental and physical resources.) Another time they may enjoy the same privilege as we.

"Let us commune with Nature and learn many things.

"As time goes on we shall become happier, stronger, more original and more understanding grown-ups."

One child voice says:

> "Then the night shall be filled with music and the cares that infest the day
> shall fold their tent like the Arabs and as silently steal away."

* * *

Day has come. The voices of the children are stilled and common-place things come to my mind. I must be up and doing.

Oh God, give me an understanding heart to deliver the message of the children to the world.

Whispering Pines Camp

By Josephine Russell

THERE was a low murmur among the pines at the foot of the hill which increased as the seconds rolled by. The pines at the top of the hill were whispering a secret to the lower pines and this secret seemed to be a big one by the increasing noise as each pine tree learned the secret. Now, just what could this secret be that it could make the pines so proudly whisper to its neighbor and be so happy. Shall we ask one of the pines at the foot of the mountain, because it is much too long a wait to climb to the top to ask the pines who seemed to be the secret tellers.

But listen, wasn't that a car coming through the hills. No, not one but several, and each one seems to have a multitude of people and bundles. Now, we know why the pines have been whispering so happily—The Hanna Girl Scouts are arriving at their camping place among the "Whispering Pines" of Elk Mountain.

It takes a long time to get settled in a camp when there are so many things to talk about and so many things to do and see, but finally each little bed had been made and each little article had been placed in just the place it was to occupy in the camp. Camp was arranged in two white lines of tents, each tent having four girls. And as the moon climbed the sky that night, it looked down on a noisy but happy scene.

The birds in their nests high in the pines were startled to hear a shrill whistle in the early morning and to see girls come out of tents with towels in one hand and toothbrush in the other and hurry to the stream. Thus started the first day in camp. At exactly seven thirty, "Old Glory" floated proudly over "Whispering Pines Camp" and everyone was ready for "chow".

The days passed quickly and all too fast. Hikes to Joe Fisher's place, games of baseball, volley ball, swims in Beaver Dam, "Bug Hunts" and taffy pulls filled the minutes and the hours went by as on wings. If anyone should have stepped into the "parlor" they would have seen bugs of all description on the long table; or, if visitors had come to camp one Saturday afternoon, they would have heard a shout from a hilltop to the effect that, "I found it—there it is!" And the visitors would have been startled to hear a voice shout, "Race to the 'Camel' for 21 paces then go towards the 'Old Man'." Discovering the voice on the hillside, they would see a streak across the hill until another voice would shout, "You can't discourage an Elk, climb upward." On and on went the "Treasure Hunt" until a final note saying, "The treasure is close to you, one for all, all in one."

You must not think that the Girls' Scout Camp is all pleasure and no work for it is not. There was the code to learn, hikes to make, dishes and cooking to do, and many other things that Girl Scouts are supposed to learn at camp. All of these things should not be called work, because they are really part of the fun, aren't they, campers?

One thing we must not forget to mention in our memory of camp is the library. Our library did not only include novels and stories that we like to read, but on inspection, one would have found books on nature, birds, flowers, first aid, and as should be, a Bible. We had books that were interesting and educational together and our library was not idle in its use.

The moon was sad the last night of camp but it hid its sorrow and was shining brightly as possible while the campfire burned and songs were sung over many times and even while the last note of "Taps" faded into the night. And thus ended a happy week of camping at "Whispering Pines Camp", but as we look back we will have many happy memories of Bingo, Ruby, Helen, Anie, Dolly, Runt, Al, Toots, Muggs, and all the rest, and among the best will be of Miss Carlson who was the dearest friend of all her Girl Scouts.

The Girl Scouts wish to thank the people of Hanna who so kindly took them to camp. Come on Girl Scouts, let's give three cheers for our folks.

1. Whispering Pines Camp of Hanna Girl Scouts.
2. We share our dish washing capers.
3. Miss Irene Carlson greets Mrs. A. Huhtala of the Troop Committee, who has come to visit camp.

Boy Scouts at New Fork Lake Camp

By William T. Thomas, Winton

We boys of Winton arrived in camp at New Fork Lake July 8th. Rock Springs' Scouts and cook arrived in time for supper. The day was spent in preparing the camp site and pitching tents. A camp council of boys was appointed as follows: Morgan Walters, Keith Dickson of Rock Springs; John Wilkes of Superior; Glenwin Whitmore of Green River; Ishmael Adams and Bill Thomas of Winton.

A program was arranged and carried out. This program included a training course on general scout work and many of the boys passed their tests in various lines of scouting.

We enjoyed swimming, boating and fishing. We had

Lined up for Chow. Scoutmaster J. I. Williams on left end and Thomas Gibson on extreme right.

good luck fishing and enjoyed several nice trout dinners. Two over-night hikes were made, guided by William Stroud, better known as "Rocky Mountain Bill." Many interesting things in woodcraft and botany were taught too. The first hike was made to Willow Creek on July 13th. After making camp, the afternoon was spent in fishing. In the evening a high wind came up and it began to rain and for that night we can truly say we "hit the hay," for we slept in the loft of the barn belonging to the United States Forest Service. We arrived in camp next day in time for dinner, thanks to Mr. Stroud, who never lost his sense of direction. The next over-night hike was made July 19th to the Showers' Dude Ranch in upper Green River valley. Only the older boys made this hike, as it was considered too long for the younger boys. There was only one thing wrong with it, some of the boys failed to take enough bedding and spent the night dancing round the camp fire. On the way back to camp some interesting scenery was noted and the boys got some beautiful pond lillies.

Sunday, July 15th, the boys of Green River under Scoutmaster William Yates were our guests at a program, during which time Mr. Stroud showed some interesting pictures of Wyoming. Judge Crosby took some of the boys on a hike, a flower hunt. We were surprised to find that there are more

Practicing Life Saving.

than sixty flowering plants within a radius of seven miles of camp. An interesting find of some "cup fungus" was made by Morgan Walters, Nephi Young and Bill Thomas under the direction of Judge Crosby.

Much praise must be given to the cook, Mrs. Ruth Moon of Rock Springs, because of the excellent meals prepared for the boys.

At our camp fires in the evening interesting talks were given on woodcraft, Wyoming and safety first, by Mr. Babcock and Mr. Tom Gibson. Mr. Babcock told interesting tales in the Indian sign language.

We enjoyed having visitors too and were glad to have them admire our Lodge and to hope with us that we may have more accommodations another year.

There were sixteen boys from Winton, six from Reliance, eight from Superior and twenty-one from Rock Springs.

Boy Scout Camp

By J. V. Williams

The Boy Scouts of Sweetwater County held their summer camp from July 8th to July 22nd. There were fifty-two boys from Rock Springs, Reliance, Winton and Superior in the Camp. The boys all came home at the end of the two weeks feeling that they had had a wonderful outing and had obtained a lot of valuable information.

The Scout Camp was under the direction of Field Scout Executive J. I. Williams. The assisting personnel was C. H. Carlson, Scoutmaster of Winton, and Scoutmaster C. J. Gilpin of Rock Springs, who each spent part of the two weeks in camp and assisted very much. William Lee, trainer at the University of Wyoming, spent the entire two weeks in camp and rendered a great deal of appreciated service. Mrs. Moon was the cook. Mr. William Stroud, Mr. Tom Gibson, and a forest expert from Mr. Favre's office spent several days in camp assisting and giving instructions along their particular lines.

Upper End of Lake.

A definite program was arranged and followed out for each day. Each day's program had a place for sports, hikes, boating, swimming, and instructions along the various lines of scouting. Each evening a fine camp fire and program of singing, story telling, and stunts were enjoyed. The boys were all required to go to bed at nine o'clock and arise at six a. m.

Two overnight hikes were carried out under the direction and guidance of Mr. Stroud. These were enjoyed very much by all who took part in them. The first hike was about seven miles, over to the Willow Creek Ranger Station. All the boys were allowed to go on this hike. The second hike was about fifteen miles distance over into the Green River country. Only the larger boys were allowed to go on this hike. The boys carried their own bedding and food and each boy took care of his own cooking, an excellent way to teach each Scout to do useful things.

Contests were held in baseball, volley ball and basketball. Bill Lee to the fore! The Rock Springs heavy weight boys won all of these events. The light weight boys of winton won the volley ball, Rock Springs light weights won the basket-ball and Green River won the light weight baseball.

Lower End of Lake.

The new Scout cabin was of material assistance in making the Scout camp this year the best yet. It affords much convenience for cooking and meal times.

The new outboard motor which was purchased this year was enjoyed very much in boating and transporting the boys back and forth across the lake.

Scouts' Lodge, New Fork Lake.

Mr. O. W. Babcock, Scout Executive from Cheyenne, spent three days in camp. He was very well pleased with the camp operation and particularly appreciated the splendid location.

All-American Boy Scouts Visit Rock Springs, Monday, July 30th.

Four Eagle Scouts, Bernard Queneau of New Rochelle, N. Y., Carl Zapffe of Brainerd, Minn., Edward B. Pratt of Fairfield, Conn., and Mark M. Hughes of Joliet, Ill., visited Rock Springs on Monday, July 30th. They have been selected for general all-around achievement and character from the United States to represent the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America on this Publicity and Educational Trek, New York to San Francisco, July-August, 1928. They were traveling under Charles Howard Mills, Director, and Remo Marion Lombardi, Director of Demonstrations.

They were met at the city limits by a delegation of Boy Scouts and escorted to town, where they were served lunch. Representatives of the Boy Scout Council also met and visited with them. The boys gave a safety demonstration which was very interesting. W. J. Stroud (Rocky Mountain Bill) brought a number of his pictures of Northern Wyoming, and entertained the boys with a very interesting talk extolling the beauties of the northern country. The boys, after a very pleasant visit, left for Green River to meet the Scouts there.

The trip was made to—

(a) Inaugurate an intensive Highway Safety Program.

(b) Promote the work of the Boy Scouts of America for boys from 12 to 18 years of age.

(c) Stimulate interest and possibly increase in numbers of local Scout Organizations.

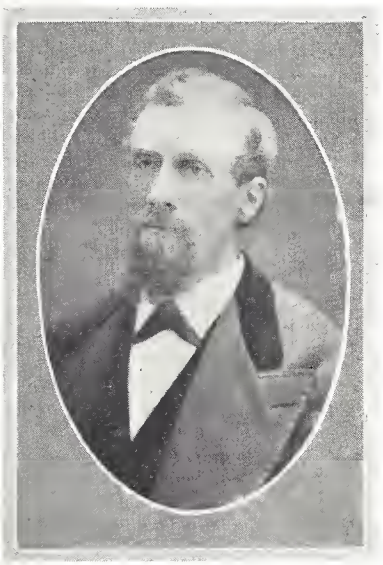
(d) Arrange for a nation-wide marking of the Lincoln Highway.

- Ye Old Timers -

W. H. Mellor, Pioneer Mining Superintendent, and Charles H. Mellor, Oldest Old Timer in Rock Springs

W. H. MELLOR was born in Lanarkshire, England, in 1832. As a very young man he came to Paterson, New Jersey, then to Bevier, Mo., where he met Thomas Wardell, who operated the first mines in the Rock Springs district. He'd heard of the new developments and gladly accepted Mr. Wardell's challenge to come west. He came to Point of Rocks in 1867 and to Rock Springs when the mines were taken over by The Union Pacific Railway. He was the first resident Superintendent of The Union Pacific, was inside and outside boss, bookkeeper, paymaster and sometimes—doctor.

He laid out No. One Mine with a 50 ft. tape line and a pit lamp. The opening was on the curve just northeast of the railroad bridge. The first year's output of coal in 1868 came from No. One Hill and was brought down with wagons and mules to the railroad tracks.



W. H. Mellor, first resident Superintendent of the Coal Department of The Union Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Wardell came out occasionally (he lived with his family up over the Rock Saloon) but Mr. Mellor did most of the development work. The first dwelling house in Rock Springs (not Blairtown) was built for him.

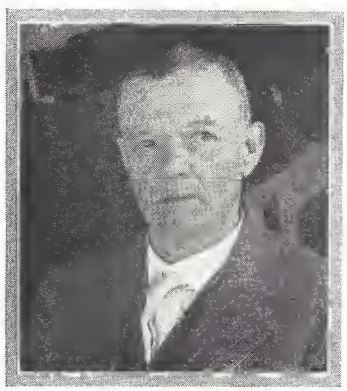
The railroad came in 1867 and the stage line by which Mr. Mellor and his family had had come west, went out of business. It is true, however, that most of the graves in the cemetery near the old rock station are those of immigrants.

Mr. Mellor's family came west and attended the first school Rock Springs had. They are all living in the west and will be remembered by old-timers of Western Wyo-

ming: Mrs. Lizzie Rezac, Seattle; Mrs. Celia Moss, Payette, Idaho; Mrs. Lula Murray, Tulsa, Oklahoma, William Edward, Salt Lake and Charles H. of Rock Springs.

And it is to Charles H. Mellor, of Rock Springs, the earliest living settler of Rock Springs who still claims it as his home, that we were indebted for stories about his father, W. H. Mellor. And for much else that is of interest to those who have watched the development of the largest coal field west of the Mississippi river.

Charles Mellor was born in Bevier and came to Rock Springs when one and one-half years old. He remembers the difficulties his mother encountered in her new home-making, the old oil lamps, the extreme scarcity of water, the times when snow must be melted for drinks or water begged from passing engines when trains began to go through; then the later days of Clegg's water wagon, a wooden tank which distributed water at fifty cents a barrel, and again, the later water train which ran between Green River and Rock Springs—stages in the making of a desert city, stages too in the building of a railroad to "join the east and the west" for Mr. Mellor remembers when Bryant was "the end of the rails." Mother Mellor was a worker. She was a native of Perth, Scotland, and after crossing the seas and finding herself in a new land she cheerfully accepted its conditions, and with the other pioneer women of the district gave much of quiet strength and good cheer to the life. Mrs. O'Donnell, who died recently, was a neighbor and, in the absence of physicians, was Mrs. Mellor's consultant when the little folks took sick. Mrs. Mellor died at Payette, Idaho, without illness or pain, just a natural passing on.



Charles H. Mellor, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Mr. Mellor attended the first school Rock Springs established and recalls the difficulties when the school burned down and a new one had to be built where now is the Junior High School. And, as was to be expected of a Wyoming boy, bred on the edge of pioneering things, Mr. Mellor preferred the life of the range to that of the coal mines, and rode with the cowboys on his father's ranch soutb of Rock Springs—from Rock Springs to the Gap in the winter and from Rock Springs to Brown's Park, from the Green River to Tipton in the summer. There was no grazing association then. "Free grass" was available on all property.

The First Dwelling House erected in Rock Springs, in 1870, where now is Adkinson's Tailor Shop on Front Street. This was the house of Superintendent W. H. Mellor. In the picture are Charles H. (on rocking-horse), William, Miss Annie Mellor and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mellor. As the town grew this house was moved back to Fourth Street.

But adventuring on the range sometimes palled and the town of Rock Springs with its creature comforts looked metropolitan. And then the cowboy Mellor worked in The Union Pacific mines. Wages were $2.16 a day, with weighbosses getting $2.61 a day.

Mr. Mellor regrets not having visited Bryant, one of the railway towns of mushroom growth that disappeared almost as quickly as they grew, leaving little trace of once teeming activity—except a cemetery. But perhaps he'd remember little of it if he had visited because the rails had moved on and Bryant had gone the way of all the rest, before he grew up. But he's proud of his title as the oldest living Old Timer of Rock Springs and can entertain his friends any time with stories about the old new days of a new country.

Rose Aylmer's Grave

Some thirty years ago a New York City paper carried on a lengthy discussion relative to the best short poem written in the English language. The poem of eight lines in five stanzas by the English poet, Walter Savage Landor, was given first place. This beautiful tribute, taken from an old scrapbook, is reproduced below:

An English grave 'neath Indian skies
Marked by a sullen stone;
And this is where Rose Aylmer lies,
Far, flowerless and alone.
Rose Aylmer was a poet's love,
Sweet, beautiful and young;
Her elegy, in melody,
The poet-lover sung.

About her grave no flowers grow,
No pleasant boughs are stirred;
No gentle sun, no quiet snow,
No English bee or bird.
The suns of springtime scorch the stone,
In summer, storm and rave
The winds that herald the cyclone,
The rains that lash the grave.

Rose Aylmer's sister flowers should spring
In whitest bloom above;
The roses Landor could not bring
Far distant from his love!
And now, a snake lives near her bed,
The crows perch on the rail,
A kite sweeps past, and overhead
The unclean vultures sail.

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race,
Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee."

Ah, why regret the gloomy hearse,
The land of banishment;
This is her grave, but Landor's verse
Rose Aylmer's monument.
Rose Aylmer, on thy namestone lies
Love's rose immortally,
The Rose of memories and of sighs,
Once consecrate to thee.

Of Interest To Women

Efficiency In the Kitchen

Lots of folks do not like the word efficiency. It is one of those words that mean a lot—or nothing. I remember once hearing the principal of a business school speak to a group of women. The secretary of the organization had asked him to speak, then was unable to reach him and, faced with the need of printing a subject for him, had said that he'd talk on "Efficiency" which surely was broad enough to attach any sort of a talk to. But he was one of the folks who disapproved of the word, voiced his distaste and made a very good beginning on his speech scolding everybody who used it. However, he didn't give any better word to use in its place. Home Management experts talk and write about the efficient kitchen and University Extention Home Economics demonstrators now conduct "kitchen tours" to score the kitchens as to their convenience of arrangement.

And it's interesting to us to learn that the kitchen of a Tono home was recently scored the highest the demonstrator had visited for several months. Not expensive equipment gives a high score but convenience of arrangement. Everybody should be her own "scorer." Here are some questions to ask ourselves.

1. Are all utensils kept near place where used, such as sink, work table, stove?
2. Is your sink convenient to the stove?
   To wash vegetables and put on stove to cook?
   To get hot water from stove for dishes?
   To put pots and pans to soak?
   To finish drying pots and pans when washed?
3. Have you a convenient place for keeping cleaning materials, vegetable brushes, etc., near sink?
4. Are supplies and utensils which you need for mixing reached easily when standing at mixing board or table?
5. Is your cupboard for table dishes near the place where dishes are washed?
6. Is your dish cupboard near the dining room?

A University Extension bulletin suggests that:

"The step-saving method of kitchen arrangement requires that articles used together be grouped together. Such an arrangement as this will save cross-tracking, useless steps and waste energy.

"The placing of the major equipment should be such that the worker may perform ordinary tasks with the least possible effort.

"Equipment for preparing meals should be together.

"Equipment for clearing away meals should be grouped together.

"In studying convenient kitchen arrangement it is necessary to give careful thought to the relation of the kitchen to the other rooms. If the cellar is used as a storage place for winter food supplies, many steps can be saved if the distance between the two rooms be made as short as possible.

"It is a good plan to make a floor plan of the kitchen and trace the routes of travel while performing some one task."

Communities

We used to say that women gave their children one-half of their inheritance and all of their environment. Perhaps that's true although it has always seemed that even though the fathers of American homes are not at home a great deal, they nevertheless have a decided influence on the environment while they are at home.

And in some communities isn't it true that not only mothers but the neighbors, the entire community, helps make the environment? And should this fact not do two things? Make every mother anxious to have the tone of the whole community high and anxious to give her best cooperation to up-bulding efforts in its life. Community character, like every other kind, is caught, not taught. America's youth is precious and the womanhood all the world needs is kind; it compels goodness by belief and trust just as really as it realizes, back of a glorious sunset, the God that made it.

Progress On Club Houses

The chiefest interest of the women in Winton and Superior these days is the new Club Houses on which good progress is being made. Architect J. Libby has said that they will be ready for occupancy in early October. Isn't that gorgeous? To the folks and committees who've struggled with arrangements for community gatherings in the old way of enlisting the help of near-by kitchens, it's most too good to be quite true. But the evidence grows and grows and some folks are already planning dedication programs for the beautiful buildings.

The Road to Happiness

All the wild ideas of unbalanced agitators the world over in their ignorant and pitiable quest for happiness through revolution, confiscation of property, and crime, cannot overthrow the eternal truth that the one route to happiness through property or government is over the broad and open highway of service. And service always means industry, thrift, respect for authority, and recognition of the rights of others.

Try This Conundrum

The Missed Train

As the traveller bustled up to the station, the stationmaster informed him that he was a few minutes late.

"They pass here very frequently, though, so you'll only have two minutes to wait."

"Two minutes!" exclaimed the traveller, "why at the town where I was yesterday, there were five trains less every hour and although I was twice as late I had only the same length of time to wait!"

Was this possible? And if so how many trains passed every hour?

Solution

The beauty of this question is that there are two correct answers. Suppose the traveller were one minute late, this would mean that the interval between trains passed in an hour. Then, at the other station, fifteen trains would pass in an hour, or one every four minutes, and if the traveller were twice as late he would have two minutes to wait.

Again, if he were two minutes late this would mean that fifteen trains passed in an hour and at the other station ten trains passed in an hour or one every six minutes. If the traveller were twice as late there, he would have two minutes exactly to wait.

Twenty trains an hour and fifteen trains an hour are the only correct answers.

Our Little Folks

The Tongue-cut Sparrow

By A. B. Mitford (Adapted)

ONCE upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman. The little old man had a kind heart, and he kept a young sparrow, which he cared for tenderly. Every morning it used to sing at the door of his house.

Now, the little old woman was a cross old thing, and one day when she was going to starch her linen, the sparrow pecked at her paste. Then she flew into a great rage and cut the sparrow's tongue and let the bird fly away.

When the little old man came home from the hills, where he had been chopping wood, he found the sparrow gone.

"Where is my little sparrow?" asked he.

"It pecked at my starching-paste," answered the little old woman, "so I cut its evil tongue and let it fly away."

"Alas! Alas!" cried the little old man. "Poor thing! Poor thing! Poor little tongue-cut sparrow! Where is your home now?"

And then he wandered far and wide seeking his pet and crying:

"Mr. Sparrow, Mr. Sparrow, where are you living?"

And he wandered on and on, over mountain and valley, and dale and river, until one day at the foot of a certain mountain he met the lost bird. The little old man was filled with joy and the sparrow welcomed him with its sweetest song.

It led the little old man to its nest-house, introduced him to its wife and small sparrows, and set before him all sorts of good things to eat and drink.

"Please partake of our humble fare," sang the sparrow; "poor as it is, you are welcome."

"What a polite sparrow," answered the little old man, and he stayed for a long time as the bird's guest. At last one day the little old man said that he must take his leave and return home.

"Wait a bit," said the sparrow.

And it went into the house and brought out two wicker baskets. One was very heavy and the other light.

"Take the one you wish," said the sparrow, "and good fortune go with you."

"I am very feeble," answered the little old man, "so I will take the light one."

He thanked the sparrow, and, shouldering the basket, said good-bye. Then he trudged off leaving the sparrow family sad and lonely.

When he reached home the little old woman was very angry, and began to scold him, saying:

"Well, and pray where have you been all these days? A pretty thing, indeed, for you to be gadding about like this!"

"Oh," he replied, "I have been on a visit to the tongue-cut sparrow, and when I came away it gave me this wicker basket as a parting gift."

Then they opened the basket to see what was inside, and lo and behold! it was full of gold, silver, and other precious things!

The little old woman was as greedy as she was cross, and when she saw all the riches spread before her, she could not contain herself for joy.

"Ho! Ho!" cried she. "Now I'll go and call on the sparrow, and get a pretty present, too!"

She asked the old man the way to the sparrow's house and set forth on her journey. And she wandered on and on over mountain and valley, and dale and river, until at last she saw the tongue-cut sparrow.

"Well met, well met, Mr. Sparrow," cried she. "I have been looking forward with much pleasure to seeing you." And then she tried to flatter it with soft, sweet words.

So the bird had to invite her to its nest-house, but it did not feast her nor say anything about a parting gift. At last the little old woman had to go, and she asked for something to carry with her to remember the visit by. The sparrow, as before, brought out two wicker baskets. One was very heavy and the other light.

The greedy little old woman, choosing the heavy one, carried it off with her.

She hurried home as fast as she was able, and closing her doors and windows so that no one might see, opened the basket. And, lo and behold! out jumped all sorts of wicked hobgoblins and imps, and they scratched and pinched her to death.

As for the little old man he adopted a son, and his family grew rich and prosperous.

The Greedy Geese

MANY years ago there was near the sea a convent famed for the rich crops of grain that grew on its farm. On a certain year a large flock of wild geese descended on its fields and devoured first the corn, and then the green blades.

The superintendent of the farm hastened to the convent and called the lady abbess.

"Holy mother," said he, "this year the nuns will have to fast continually, for there will be no food."

"Why is that?" asked the abbess.

"Because," answered the superintendent, "a flood of wild geese has rained upon the land, and they have eaten up the corn, nor have they left a single green blade."

"Is it possible," said the abbess, "that these wicked birds have no respect for the property of the convent! They shall do penance for their misdeeds Return at once to the fields, and order the geese from me to come without delay to the convent door, so that they may receive just punishment for their greediness."

"But, mother," said the superintendent, "this is not a time for jesting! These are not sheep to be guided into the fold, but birds with long, strong wings, to fly away with."

"Do you understand me!" answered the abbess. "Go at once, and bid them come to me without delay, and render an account of their misdeeds."

The superintendent ran back to the farm, and found the flock of evildoers still there. He raised his voice and clapping his hands, cried:

"Come, come, ye greedy geese! The lady abbess commands you to hasten to the convent door!"

Wonderful sight! Hardly had he uttered these words than the geese raised their necks as if to listen, then, without spreading their wings, they placed themselves in single file, and in regular order began to march toward the convent. As they proceeded they bowed their heads as if confessing their fault and as though about to receive punishment.

Arriving at the convent, they entered the courtyard in exact order, one behind the other, and there awaited the coming of the abbess. All night they stood thus without making a sound, as if struck dumb by their guilty consciences. But when morning came, they uttered the most pitiful cries as though asking pardon and permission to depart.

Then the lady abbess, taking compassion on the repentant birds, appeared with some nuns upon a balcony. Long she talked to the geese, asking them why they had stolen the convent grain. She threatened them with a long fast, and then, softening, began to offer them pardon if they would never again attack her lands, nor eat her corn. To which the geese bowed their heads low in assent. Then the abbess gave them her blessing and permission to depart.

Hardly had she done so when the geese, spreading their wings, made a joyous circle above the convent towers, and flew away. Alighting at some distance they counted their number a found one missing. For, alas! in the night, when they had been shut in the courtyard, the convent cook, seeing how fat they were, had stolen one bird and had killed, roasted, and eaten it.

When the birds discovered that one of their number was missing, they again took wing, and, hovering over the convent, they uttered mournful cries, complaining of the loss of their comrade, and imploring the abbess to return him to the flock.

Now, when the lady abbess heard these melancholy pleas, she assembled her household, and inquired of each member where the bird might be. The cook, fearing that it might be already known to her, confessed the theft, and begged for pardon.

"You have been very audacious," said the abbess, "but at least collect the bones and bring them to me."

The cook did as directed, and the abbess at a word caused the bones to come together and to assume flesh, and afterwards feathers, and, lo! the original bird rose up.

The geese, having received their lost companion, rejoiced loudly, and, beating their wings gratefully, made many circles over the sacred cloister, before they flew away. Neither did they in future ever dare to place a foot on the lands of the convent nor to touch one blade of grass.

To a Dead Puppy

By V. W. Newson

Often you would play alone,
Tossing and tearing away at a bone,
Pretending anger and hate—God wot—
All the many things you were not.
But when I came home, you welcomed me,
Cringed in abject love of me,
Wagged your greeting and crawled to my feet,
Always eager my pleasure to meet.
My pleasure! Yes, whatever it was!
Bending, alert on extended paws,
With innocent, sidelong restless eyes—
Slyly on guard against surprise!
Waiting for any old game at all,
Of rag, or stick or rubber ball.
You'd bark, mock-savage, or bark in fun,
Whatever the play that we'd begun.
And so it was for many a day—
'Twas all a game, all a play—
Children and men were Gods of your world
And trustfully at their feet you curled.
They played so gently out in the yard,
And you were careful not to bite hard.
But once a thing of lumbering wheels,
Came by—You thought you'd see how it feels
To play a game with a beast like that—
In fun, of course! It wasn't a cat!
And on it came, but it didn't stop
To play, as it should, but came with a flop
And hurt you; it wasn't right,
It must have known you wouldn't bite.
Then you suffered a while and died,
And all the children around you cried;
Their tears were yours for most of a day!
And, Puppy, that is the way
Life goes; and some men get less,
When they go to sleep in their wilderness
Of Death—their last unwaking sleep!
And if you had lived to be mature,
Your love would have grown, I'm very sure,
To be much greater than that of ten
Of the common, ord'nary kind of men!

Still a Chance

Floyd: "Gosh, I hope Dorothy isn't at home when I call tonight."

Joseph: "What's the idea?"

Floyd: "I've made up my mind to ask her to marry me."

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Arthur McCants has returned from a business trip to Denver and Cheyenne.

Steve Kauzmanich is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital, where he is recovering from serious injuries received while at work in No. 8 Mine on July 31, 1928.

Mrs. Chas. Outsen has returned from a visit with relatives in Kemmerer.

Mrs. Chas. Crofts and son, Harry, have returned from a month's visit with relatives in Hastings, Nebr.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McGroarty and small daughter have returned from a two weeks' vacation spent in Denver.

The home of Thomas James, on Tenth Street, is under quarantine for smallpox.

Blanche, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parr, underwent a minor operation at the Wyoming General Hospital, Saturday, July 28th.

Mrs. Jos. E. Edgeworth is visiting with relatives in Devil's Lake, North Dakota.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Johnson and three daughters are spending a vacation with relatives in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Frances Golob and Joseph Bogataj of Rock Springs.

Alfred Robertson and family motored to Pinedale on Sunday, August 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. L. Munn, of No. 6, are enjoying a months visit with relatives in southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Golob entertained at a party on Saturday, July 28th, in honor of Mrs. Golob's two sisters, Mrs. Pete Urbanez and Mrs. Frank Mergole of Chicago, who have been visiting at the Golob home the past week.

John Strock has purchased a new Willys-Knight sedan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ribovich are spending a vacation in Utah and Idaho.

Bert McMillan and Dave Mason, of the Store Department, are spending a vacation in the Yellowstone National Park.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas in the loss of their four year old son, Thomas, whose death occurred on Tuesday, August 7th, the result of an automobile accident. Funeral services were held from the Episcopal church on Sunday, August 12th.

R. J. Reber enjoyed a short visit from his mother, Mrs. Ethel Hubar of Stockton, Calif., on Sunday, August 5th. She was enroute east where she will spend some time with relatives.

John Sloan, who has been confined to his home for several days with an attack of rheumatism, has gone to Lava Hot Springs to spend the next two weeks in the baths.

Robert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Outsen, has returned from Spokane, Washington, where he has been attending a training camp at Fort Wright.

Fred Moffit, of Battle Creek, Michigan, is visiting with his brother, C. E. Moffit. This is Mr. Moffit's first visit to Rock Springs since 1890 and he hardly knows the old town.

Storekeeper J. A. Williams and family have returned from a two weeks' visit with relatives in Los Angeles, Calif.

Sam Samuels has gone to Thermopolis for the benefit of his health.

Miss Bernice Harris, of Evanston, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. F. L. McCarty.

Mrs. C. P. Wassung has returned from Nampa, Idaho, where she visited the past month at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. P. Flora.

Chas. Gregory and family are spending a vacation in Idaho and Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Walters are spending a vacation at Jenny Lake in the Jackson Hole country.

Hanna

Mrs. John Soltis and children, of Superior, visited with Mrs. Hugh Renny during July.

Mrs. Agnes Raite, William Raite, Mrs. Frank Amoss and Agnes Amoss spent a two weeks' vacation visiting with relatives in Nebraska.

The Girl Scouts spent a two week's outing at Rattlesnake.

Mrs. Sam While and infant daughter and Miss Edna Klaseen left for California on Friday, July 27, Mrs. While to visit her parents (Mr. and Mrs. Sam Dickinson) in Berkley, and Edna Klaseen to visit her brother (Alex Klaseen and family) in Oakland.

Mrs. John Burke and children of Superior visited Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boam.

Mrs. Wood and children, of Superior, and her mother (Mrs. Wales) visited with relatives here during July.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones and daughter spent a two week's vacation in Nebraska and Colorado.

Mr. Ben Butler and family visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler, during July.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Reese on July 31st.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Ainsworth and sons, Carlyle and Harley, motored to Cheyenne and spent one day at the Frontier celebration, motoring back by way of Snowy Range.

Miss Marie Ahlstrom, baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ahlstrom of Hanna, pictured at three and one-half months. Marie has two brothers, Bert and Bud, who are splendid young gentlemen.

Mrs. John Lee and children and Miss Edith While and Mark Lee motored to Cheyenne for the Frontier celebration.

Miss Ruby Mylroie of Laramie spent two weeks visiting with the Buehlers.

The Ladies' Aid of Methodist Church gave a farewell party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Barton on Friday, August 9th. The Bartons are leaving for Canada. They will be greatly missed in this community, as they have lived here for several years and have made a host of friends.

The Sunday School class mates of Miss Cleo Barton gave a farewell party in her honor on Tuesday afternoon, August 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Clark and son of Pueblo, Colorado, motored to Hanna and visited with the Buehlers. The Clarks lived in Hanna some years ago.

Misses Jessie and Florence Benedict who have been visit-

ing relatives in Pueblo, Colorado, for a month, motored back to Hanna with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ober, of Los Angeles, former residents of Hanna, visited friends here during July. They were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Williamson.

Announcements were received here of the arrival of a baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes of Kenilworth, Utah.

Mrs. John Anselmi and infant son, Donald Ray, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Pollari.

Mrs. William Gorrie and her two sisters (Mrs. William MacKenzie, and Mrs. Thos. McLeisch of Andover, Mass.) visited with Mrs. Gorrie's daughter, Mrs. Hugh Renny and family, during July and August.

Miss Margaret H. Smith of East Orange, N. J., arrived in town on August 3rd for a month's visit with her uncle, Pat McCue. Her trip out here was a graduation present from her Uncle as she had graduated with signal honors from high school in East Orange. Miss Smith speaks favorably of this part of the country and states it it quite a contrast to what she has been accustomed to.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hodgson and daughters spent a two week's vacation in Denver, Colorado.

William Briggs is recovering from a broken shoulder received while at work on July 13th.

Albert Kautto was injured while at work in No. 4 Mine on August 13th.

"Uncle" Bob Cardwell spent his vacation touring the Black Hills and Northern Wyoming.

Winton

Ben Butler and family have returned from a pleasant vacation spent in Nebraska. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Johnson.

Mrs. Fred Antrobus and Mrs. Pearl Rosene have returned from an enjoyable visit in Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Graefe visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Miller the past month.

A quiet wedding took place in Rock Springs on July 31st. The participants were Miss Lillie Kenyon and Herman Hawks. The wedding was witnessed by a few relatives and friends. Their friends gave them a miscellaneous shower on August 3rd. Their honeymoon will be spent in Montana. Winton folks wish them luck and happiness.

Margaret Ellen Jolly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jolly, Winton, Wyoming.

Mrs. Geo. Hansen and Mr. Ed Steneck were hospital patients the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Cammack are enjoying their vacation in Yellowstone National Park.

Hans Madsen has returned from a vacation spent in Chicago. His new Studebaker 8 accompanied him.

Rudy Menghini is spending his vacation in Chicago.

Miss Margaret Smith has returned to her home in Long Beach, Calif., after a pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Wes Toy, who accompanied her home.

Wesley Toy has departed for Detroit, Mich., where he has accepted a position with an automobile agency. We wish Wes a lot of luck in his new vocation.

Bobbie Dodds has returned from a visit in Gebo, Wyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Burnell visited at the home of the latter's mother (Mrs. Kate Warinner) the past month.

Miss Ruth MacDonald has returned home after attending summer school at Laramie.

Mrs. Lorenzo Elvis has returned to her home in Montana after a pleasant visit with friends and relatives. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Hawks.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Hansen have gone to Colorado, where they will locate.

The wedding of Miss Stella Johnson and William Loomis occurred in Rock Springs, July 27th, at the Baptist church, Rev. Stephen Pyle officiating. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Carlson. The bride only recently arrived from St. Johns, Canada. The groom has been in Winton for the past four months where he is employed on the

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Mrs. James Henderson of Winton with James, Jr., at three months old.

mechanical loaders. They will make their home here.

Percy Groutage and C. H. Carlson spent a few days in the north country the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Campbell are visiting at the home of the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bingham.

New arrivals in the camp the past month include Mr. and Mrs. Cobler and family of Cumberland, Roy Morgan of Denver, Colo., and Claude Bowers of Boulder, Wyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Jess Hester have moved back into camp after an absence of six months.

The Doctor's Office and Community House are about completed and will greatly add to the appearance of the camp.

Dr. Harris and family are on their vacation in the north country.

Cody Harris and family have moved to Oak Creek, Colorado.

The hunters are very busy these days getting out their firearms for game shooting, the season being from August 15th to 22nd.

Superior

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morgan have just returned from a pleasant trip to Cheyenne and Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hellewell were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rudger Robinson during the month of July.

Mrs. O. G. Sharrer and son, Jack, have just returned from a pleasant trip to Elk Mountain.

The largest catch of the season is reported by Frank Whitetree. The fish was on display at the U. P. Store, August 13.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Levesque and Miss Zella Levesque are spending their vacation in Denver, Colo.

The many friends of Jas. Mullen are happy to know that he is much improved in health and is able to be with us again.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Brown report a very pleasant trip to the northwest.

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Cumberland

Tommy Miller is now at home recovering from an operation.

Mrs. W. Wallem, Montgomery, Nev., is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson.

Miss Ruth Dodds, Los Angeles, Calif., is visiting at the Thomas Dodds' home.

Mr. George Blacker, Superintendent of the mines at Cumberland, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Albert Brown, of Superior, are spending their vacation touring through Washington and Oregon.

During the current month the following families have moved from Cumberland to make their homes in the respective locations: Mrs. Pete Boam and family, Ogden, Utah; John Kobler and family, Winton, Wyo.; Mr. and Mrs. Walt Goddard, Winton, Wyo.; A. G. Andrews and family, Detroit, Mich.; Joe Covie, California; Ed Felix and family, Superior, Wyo.; Bert Ballantyne and mother, Reliance, Wyo.

Tom Pouhoski just returned to Cumberland from Salt Lake with his bride.

Mrs. Thomas Dodds and son (Tommy) have just returned from Elk Horn, Wyo., where they spent a week visiting Mrs. Dodds' sister, Mrs. William Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson spent a two week's vacation in Salt Lake.

Mrs. Clifford Anderson is confined to the Hospital in Salt Lake, but is improving rapidly and is expected home in a very short time.

Mrs. Russell Scholl and son spent a day visiting at the home of Mrs. Thomas Dodds.

Mrs. Edwin Anderson has been very ill, but is now recovering.

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Clem McLean, the son of Mrs. Ruth Ackerlund, and Miss Zelda Hatch of Vernal, Utah, were married in Vernal, Utah, on July 27th. After a honeymoon spent in Utah, the young couple returned to Cumberland where they will make their home.

The Cumberland Band gave two delightful concerts at Saltair, Utah, on July 21st. The band was accompanied by many Cumberland people.

A fire of undetermined origin destroyed the Pete Martin store and surrounding buildings, causing a loss of several thousand dollars.

Tono

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Burton announce the marriage of their two daughters, Mildred to Mr. Kenneth Bowers, son of Mr. Rolley Bowers, of Tono; and Hannah to Mr. Fred Yedloutchnig, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yedloutschnig, also of Tono. The ceremony was read Thursday afternoon August 2nd, at 2:00 P. M. at Chehalis, Washington. The brides were given in marriage by their father, Mr. B. B. Burton, and were attended by Miss Angeline Yedloutschnig, sister of the bridegroom, and Mrs. Other Onkst, aunt of the brides, while Mr. Vernon Burton, brother of the brides, and Mr. Fortunand Yedloutschnig, brother of the bridegroom, were the best men. Both girls are graduates from the Tenino High School. After a short wedding trip to Oregon and California points of interest, the happy couples will be at home at their Tono Apartments after August 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bowers who were married at Chehalis on August 2nd, are at home to their friends in Tono, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Adams and daughter, Ruth, of Portland, Oregon, were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck, Sunday, August 5th.

Mrs. Thilda Becker of Isaquah is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Friend.

Mr. and Mrs. McLain and daughter, Maxine, of Sellah were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Rankin Sunday, August 5th. Mr. and Mrs. McLain returned home Sunday evening and Maxine is visiting at Tono for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Friend and sons, Carrol and Byrd, with Mrs. Thilda Becker from Isaquah are spending a week's vacation visiting points of interest in Oregon and California.

Mrs. Frank Nelson of Seattle, Washington, spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. William Hale.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Simons and son, Warren, are camping out at Aberdeen Auto Park, Montesano, Washington, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Waite spent Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th, at Copalis Beach.

Leonard Wylam, of Hoquiam, and Morton French, of Centralia, visited with friends at Tono Monday evening, August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. James Corcoran, James and Patrick Corcoran and David Gilfillan motored to Seattle, Sunday, August 5th, where they met Mrs. Corcoran's niece, Miss

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Reape from Butte, Montana, who will visit with her aunt and uncle for a few weeks.

Miss Jean Murray is spending a couple of weeks visiting friends and relatives in Seattle, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kofeju and Miss Jessie Pollard of Buffalo, New York, are visiting with Mrs. Kofeju's brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Paul. Mr. and Mrs. Kofeju and daughter are touring the United States and Canada and expect to be gone about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sheldon and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mossop and family spent Saturday and Sunday, August 4th and 5th, at American Lake.

Mrs. Leona Hickey and daughters, of Chehalis, visited with her mother, Mrs. William Mossop, Monday, August 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ober and son from Long Beach, California, were renewing acquaintances with their old friends at Tono, Sunday, July 15th. In the evening they continued their trip to Seattle, where they will visit friends and relatives for a couple of weeks and then expect to go east to Hanna and Superior, Wyoming, where Mr. Ober will transact business.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boardman and family spent the week of July 8th to 15th with his brother and family, Mr. Bert Boardman.

Among those that motored from Tacoma to spend the Fourth of July with Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott and family were Mr. and Mrs. Rocky Bronchien, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ferris and family, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ferris and family and Miss Edith and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Cavanaugh.

Mrs. John Isaacson entertained a number of her friends at a birthday party July 15th. The evening was spent in playing 500 with prizes going to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dahlstrom of Centralia and Mr. M. J. Mardicott and Mrs. C. V. Rankin. After a very enjoyable evening, the hostess served a dainty luncheon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yedd and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Emmett and families from Valetz, Oregon, spent the Fourth of July holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Yedloutschnig.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Yedloutchnig, Tono young people who were married on August 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Olsen motored to Seattle, Jully 22nd, where they were dinner guests on the battleship U. S. S. Maryland, being guests of Howard Olsen's brother, O. C. Olsen, who has been chief first-class electrician on the ship for the past seven years.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott have as their guests for a couple of weeks Mr. and Mrs. Emil Thiel and sons, Elmer and Clarence, and daughters, Ruth, Beatrice and Evelyn, from Random Lake, Wisconsin. They will continue touring the Pacific Northwest and expect to return home by the southern route.

Miss Fannie Johnson, Inga Ring and Lucille Way camped at Deep Lake for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Barber and family returned home July 15th after an extended eastern trip for the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corcoran have traded their old car for a Dodge Sedan.

Mr. David Gilfillan returned home July 15th after spending several days visiting friends and relatives at Vancouver, B. C., and other Canadian points.

Mrs. Hotchkiss and daughter spent a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Paul.

Miss Jean Murray returned home Saturday evening, July 21st, from Sunny Bay Plantation, where she has picked berries for the past two months.

Mr. and Mrs. John Schuck entertained at dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. Schuck's aunt, uncle and family from Lake Random, Wisconsin. The table was daintily decorated with little lavender baskets with place cards of corresponding color and a beautiful center piece of lavender sweet peas and baby breath greenery. A dainty five-course dinner was served and covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Emil Thiel, sons Clarence and Elmer and daughters Ruth, Beatrice and Evelyn. The evening was spent in playing cards until a late hour.

Mrs. Neiburger and two daughters of Mountain View, Wyoming, are visiting with Mrs. Neiburger's sister and family until the first of August, at which time they will go to Aberdeen, Washington, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Brierly, Ralph and daughter Myrtle Brierly, who have been visiting with friends and relatives in the East for the past few weeks returned home Monday, July 30th, and reported a very enjoyable trip.

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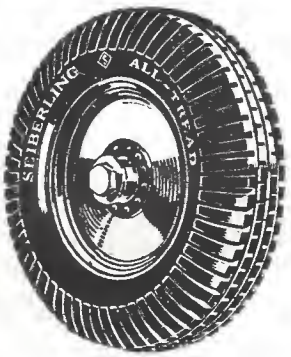

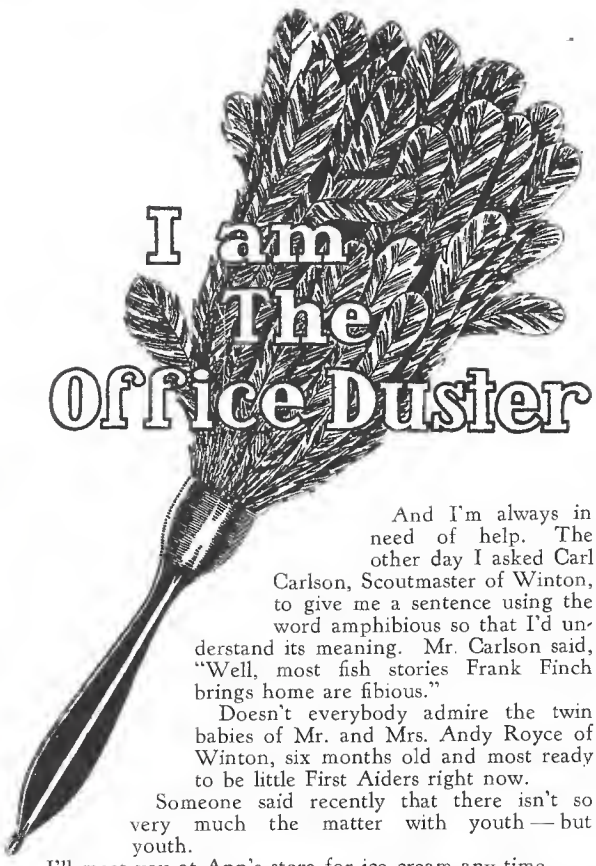

And I'm always in need of help. The other day I asked Carl Carlson, Scoutmaster of Winton, to give me a sentence using the word amphibious so that I'd understand its meaning. Mr. Carlson said, "Well, most fish stories Frank Finch brings home are fibious."

Doesn't everybody admire the twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Royce of Winton, six months old and most ready to be little First Aiders right now.

Someone said recently that there isn't so very much the matter with youth — but youth.

I'll meet you at Ann's store for ice cream any time.

Billy Thomas is an Eagle Scout. We're glad to welcome him as a magazine contributor. Send us some more, Billy.

The Seven Ages — —

The infant.

The little girl.

The miss.

The young woman.

The young woman.

The young woman.

The young woman.

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Snaps ahead of them all at the getaway. Leads, with ease, at top speed—and accelerates faster at **all** speeds: 5 to 25 miles in 7¼ seconds! 10 to 45 miles in 13½ seconds.

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For The Victory is the only car of its kind in the world. Providing **more power per pound of car weight** than any other automobile in its price class! With a chassis frame the full width of the body—for the first time in history! And a body with only 8 major parts! A car that is lighter yet sturdier—swifter yet safer—simpler yet smarter in line and design.

A marvel on the road and a beauty at the curb. Big, roomy, luxurious—and performance champion of its class!

The Victory Six
By
DODGE BROTHERS

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Reliance

Mrs. R. Ebeling entertained several ladies at a Bridge Party, Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. B. Meldrem of Kansas City, Mo., who is the houseguest of Mrs. Z. Portwood. Mrs. B. Meldrem won first prize and Mrs. Z. Portwood won second. A very delicious luncheon was served by the hostess.

Mrs. James Zelenka and children returned Saturday from Salt Lake City after spending the past month visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Walford Asiala and Mayme Asiala, of Rock Springs, Mary Asiala and Ingrid Sturholm, of Superior, visited at Sturholm's, Sunday, July 19th.

T. A. Marshall returned Saturday from Ogden, Utah, where he spent two weeks. He was accompanied home by his wife and sons who have been in Ogden for several months for the benefit of Boyd's health. Boyd's many friends are glad to see him out again.

Mrs. James Rafferty gave a Bridge Party Friday afternoon. First prize was won by Mrs. R. Ebeling, and second prize was won by Mrs. B. Meldrem. Mrs. Rafferty served a very appetizing luncheon.

Those who have been on vacations during the past month were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Reese, R. Buxton and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Groves, Sr., and family, Steve Huseck and family, Homer Groves and family, Norma Sturholm, Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson and family, R. Gibbs and family, H. Thomas and family, Pat Burns and family, Mrs. S. Olson, Edith Belle Holmes, H. McComas and family.

Those who had birthday parties during the past month were: Lois and Afton Baxter.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bevola are the proud parents of a daughter born July 8th.

Mrs. A. DeVall, of Custer, South Dakota, who visited here with her daughter, Mrs. Mack Green, returned home the 17th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Green accompanying her.

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